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From Bulganin with Love

MARSHAL BULGANIN'S "spring offensive" is in full swing. At Lancaster House the Russian disarmament proposals are a striking advance on anything that has gone before. For Mr. Macmillan comes a genial 8,000-word note calling for improved Anglo-Russian relations. To Dr. Adenauer is dispatched a missive of a very different character: "Dear Sir, unless . . . ." In the Vienna Woods, Mr. Mikoyan recalls with nostalgia the "Eden plan," which, to the anger of the Americans and the embarrassment of the Foreign Office, called for a demilitarised belt between the opposing forces in Europe; while the Danes are curtly reminded that rich men in their castles will not tolerate unneighbourly actions by poor men at their gates. What is the purpose of it all?

It is easy to fall back on the old cliché that the Russians are up to their traditional tricks of blackmail and disruption. Of course they realise that the note to Germany will be electorally embarrassing to the Christian Democrats; that so public a courtship of Mr. Macmillan may tend to aggravate Anglo-American differences. But these are minor windfalls. Is it not likely, in the light of the current situation, that the Kremlin is genuinely anxious about at least two of the world's trouble spots? In Europe, the increasing commitment of the western powers to nuclear arms—and the possibility which this inevitably raises that one day the two halves of Germany may also gain access to the great powers' nuclear arsenal—must renew Russia's anxiety about the security of her western frontiers. In the Middle East, the collapse of traditional British paramountcy has brought the U.S. Marines to Asia Minor; and this, coupled with the dangerous ambiguities of the Eisenhower Doctrine and the continued presence of U.S. bomber-bases on the Persian Gulf, may—not unreasonably—strike the Russians as a threat to peace which inevitably involves their own security. If so, we need feel no surprise that they should seek a relaxation of tension in both these dangerous areas—or even that they should offer concessions to the West in order to achieve this.

This, we think, is the likely objective of the spring offensive. What of its tactics? The unusually cordial and carefully considered terms of the note to Mr. Macmillan may provide the clue. Significant relaxations of tension cannot be negotiated at local level. The various diplomatic approaches in northern and central Europe are secondary operations. If big business is to be done, it must be done by the big powers. By Russia and America, in other words. But the political difficulties in the way of any early get-together between the Kremlin and the White House are for the moment almost insuperable; and that is where Britain comes in. As America's principal ally—reaffirmed in that position since Bermuda—and as the head of a multi-racial Commonwealth, with many points of contact with the Communist world, we are the obvious and most effective intermediary in any attempt to restore communications between Washington and Moscow.

When the Soviet leaders visited London a year ago, their main purpose seems to have been to evolve an understanding which would allow them to pursue their proposed internal reorganisation without being unreasonably harassed by the West, while defining the limits within which Britain could protect her Middle Eastern interests without unreasonably embroiling the U.S.S.R.

Any such understanding has since proved nugatory. Yet the need for it today is even greater. Since the spring the tragedies of Hungary and Suez have increased political tension at the danger points; while Britain's decision to become a predominantly nuclear power, and the growing likelihood that other nations may follow her lead, have eroded the dividing line between cold war and mutual annihilation. If the Russians, considering all this, have once more come to the conclusion that "peaceful co-existence" with the West is essential to their security, we on our side should do well to realise that the converse is true for us. When Mr. Macmillan accepts his invitation to Moscow—as sooner or later he will—we hope he will do so in the knowledge that he can play the honest broker in a business deal without either compromising the principles of democracy or destroying the basis of Anglo-American friendship.

Comments on the Week's News

Carrier Diplomacy

Round two in Jordan has, like its predecessor, ended in victory for the king. After the resignation of the Khalidi government, Hussein abandoned his attempt to come to terms with the parliamentary regime, and settled for a simple trial of strength between the city mobs and his Bedouin troops (who, thanks to some suitcases of gold flown in by King Saud, are now reasonably "loyal"). He seems to have no difficulty in recruiting, from among the elderly Bedouin leaders who served his grandfather, a Cabinet willing to take the responsibility for imposing martial law and giving the Bedouin legionaries their heads. With the nationalist parties dissolved, most of their leaders in prison, and the big refugee camps—the principal source of disturbance—covered by armoured units, Hussein has felt himself strong enough to ask for direct American aid, which has been granted for the specific purpose of "maintaining internal security". In short, having rejected the comparatively mild tutelage of Glubb Pasha, he is now in danger of becoming an American puppet, in charge of something like a police-state whose shaky budget is directly dependent on Washington. Meanwhile the internal strains which caused the crisis have simply been pushed below the surface. Moreover, a dangerous precedent has been established. Syria and Egypt, naturally, have made no response to the latest American moves, and even the Soviet reaction has been cautious; the Eisenhower doctrine can therefore claim its first victory, and the advocates of "carrier diplomacy" will be correspondingly strengthened in the Administration. In fact, the meaning of the doctrine has been twisted; acting doubtless on American advice, Hussein allowed it to be invoked by labelling his internal opponents "international Communists". There are many exiled Syrian politicos, in Beirut and elsewhere, who will be only too willing to do the same, and so enable America to stamp on a popular movement in Damascus also. And a right-wing coup in Syria, backed by American money and military threats, might not be regarded with the same equanimity in Moscow.

Adenauer and the Russian Note

The Soviet note warning western Germany against arming with nuclear weapons is regarded by some people as a brutal threat and by others as a realistic statement of inescapable fact. In the event of a nuclear war, one H-bomb could "paralyse" the whole of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. Any nuclear war would certainly make Germany a "graveyard"—whether it made the whole world uninhabitable or not. Like the Göttingen scientists, the Russians remind the Chancellor that a single atomic warhead, such as those with which the American army is already equipped, is of the same power as one of the bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—a point which the Chancellor never seems to have realised in the past when stressing the value of "conventional" atomic weapons to Germany. The Social Democrats are convinced that the Russian note will aid their election campaign against nuclear rearmament and they are further heartened by the speech made by Mr. Mikoyan in Austria in which he revived the "Eden plan" as the practical basis of a gradual demilitarisation of central Europe. The Chancellor's reply is to complain bitterly that the Soviet Ambassador had disregarded his assurance that his first desire is for controlled nuclear disarmament; Germany neither has nuclear weapons, nor, he says, has asked for them. But the Chancellor, his Defence Minister and his Foreign Secretary have so frequently spoken of the importance of Germany possessing nuclear weapons that most Germans are likely to see this reply as an electoral wriggle rather than as a definitive statement of policy.

Mr. Zorin's Plan

The new Soviet disarmament plan, though imprecise on certain crucial points, is at least amenable to genuine negotiation. In the first place, it is more comprehensive than previous Soviet offers. The area of aerial inspection is greater and the Russians have gone farther than before in accepting control inspectors at strategic points—though the form of this inspection is still undefined. Secondly, it is also reasonable to split the proposed agreement into two parts: a partial disarmament at the conventional level would be accompanied by a declaration renouncing the use of nuclear weapons; only then would the powers go on to discuss the absolute prohibition of these weapons and the destruction of stock-piles. This, in principle, would seem to meet one of the main western objections: the West has always been chary of any scheme which would reduce or remove the nuclear armoury before the Russians made a substantial cut in conventional arms. If these proposals are to lead anywhere, however, it is essential that the Russians should realise that, just as they have certain interests that they will not jeopardise until disarmament is actually under way, so the West will not yield on points that seem equally vital to its own security. The job of the delegates at Lancaster House should be to define clearly what are the sticking points for each side, and to map out the area between them to make an interim agreement possible.

President's Problems

Within six months of re-election, President Eisenhower has clearly permitted the leadership—let alone the control—of Congress to slip from his grasp. He has never been a believer in a strong administration. Indeed, even within his own official family he has seen himself as a co-ordinator of the departments rather than a forceful and independently minded president on the Roosevelt or Truman models. And he has depended heavily on his own prestige as a manner of getting what he wanted from Congress. This was all very well in his first term. Not only was his prestige very high, but he was "available" for re-election—with all that this implies in control of Congress. Now, however, his own unwillingness to fight for his policies, coupled with the certainty that someone else will be the Republican nominee in 1960, has so seriously weakened the administration that Congress is firmly in charge of what it considers its own affairs. Among these are the size and shape of the budget. The President is not going to get what he wants: indeed, it seems likely that at least $3,000m. will be cut from the total of $72,000m. by a Congress which is intent on reducing both the tax burden and government spending. In the complex in-fighting of Congress, the "new Republicans" have not been doing too well, and in this case they are faced with a combination of old guard Republicans with cynical Democrats who are always good for tax cuts when they are out of office. This situation does not augur well for the President's future relations with Congress. If, as seems probable, he makes some changes in his Cabinet in the next few months, they will have to be pretty remarkable if the new group is to look like anything more than caretakers.

Singapore Settles Down?

With two dissentients, the Singapore Assembly has approved the London agreement on self-government. The long debate was made melodramatic by the lone opposition, and the proclaimed exit from politics of David Marshall. The new constitutional plans are unlikely now to be jeopardised by Mr. Marshall even if he should re-enter political life. His recent career has been too chameleon-like to convince. The next phase in Singapore will be several months' work by the Assembly to produce a constitution with, as its basis, a citizenship law which is to enfranchise perhaps 250,000 people. The squabble between the British government and the Singapore leaders about the ill-judged condition imposed in London by Mr. Lennox-Boyd—that no "subversives" should be allowed to stand at the first "self-government elections"—is unlikely to obstruct headway with the constitution. That dispute may become critical shortly before the polling early next year. But, by then, British ministers may have had the good sense to abandon their unwise insistence. Meanwhile, the People's Action Party leader, Lee Kuan Yew, is to fight a by-election as champion of the London agreement (but opponent of the "subversives" clause). His constituency contains many members of near-Communist unions which formerly exerted influence within the P.A.P. but more recently backed David Marshall's attack on the London agreement. Lee may be unopposed, but if extreme left-wing elements challenge him and he succeeds in winning the by-election by a large majority, he will not only confirm his own "Bevanite" leadership of the People's Action Party; he will also strengthen democratic nationalism in Singapore.

Forty-hour Week

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the engineering and shipbuilding disputes was not available as we went to press; and the A.E.U. national committee has put off its discussion on the wages issue until the report is published. Some delegates wanted to go forward with a fresh wage claim without waiting for the report, but they were voted down by 31 votes to 21. Meanwhile, the committee decided unanimously to press for the 40-hour week, which has been in the A.E.U.'s programme for a number of years, but has not hitherto been seriously pressed in face of the employers' refusal. The employers have argued that the demand for a shorter standard working week is, in effect, simply a demand for higher earnings through increased payments for overtime. They point out that the standard week of 44 hours is in practice largely exceeded; and they argue that the average hours worked are nearer 47 and more than one-third of the engineers are working regular overtime. The union leaders agree that too much overtime is being worked, but insist that the shorter standard week is overdue and and that the present arrangements are unfair to the majority, who work only 44 hours or less.

A Deceptive Agreement

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, considers that his greatest success at the recent London talks has been the spiking of the guns of the next Labour government. He won from Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Lord Home an admission that a formal understanding now exists "whereby the United Kingdom government in practice does not initiate any legislation to amend or repeal any federal Act or to deal with any matter included within the competence of the federal legislature, except at the request of the federal government." It was this which enabled him to assure white settlers at home, who have been clamouring for Dominion status before 1960, that he had got the best of a bargain. The convention meant, he told them, that a future Labour government in Britain would be unable to inflict "some of their half-baked ideas" on the Federation; and he added ominously that, if it were to ignore these undertakings, "we are in a very similar position to do the same." There is no doubt that the constitutional stature of the Federation has been strengthened by the talks. The significance of granting the Federal government greater control over external affairs and direct access to the sovereign may not be very great. More important is the agreement to call a statutory constitutional conference in 1960, the earliest possible date, to discuss "a programme for the attainment of such status as would enable the Federation to become eligible for full membership of the Commonwealth." At the same time, British spokesmen have reaffirmed their opposition to the amalgamation or secession of any of the Federation's territories. It is against this background that the decision to enlarge the federal Assembly and to permit Africans to qualify for the federal vote without giving up their "British protected persons" status must be judged. Without a considerable widening of the African franchise and a big increase in African representation, it has little value; and there is as yet no sign of white agreement on this. Africans may well be fobbed off with a parody of representation. It has been estimated, for instance, that, if the Tredgold Commission's proposals for Southern Rhodesia were put into effect, only 19,000 Africans would qualify as "special voters" compared with nearly 60,000 Europeans. The duty of the next Labour government is therefore clear. It must insist that, before the constitutional review takes place, the African is given the right of self-determination by an effective voice in the future of the Federation.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Jerusalem

U.N. Emergency Farce

Our Correspondent in Israel writes: The Israel-Gaza border is today tightly sealed to everyone except Arab marauders. Even foreign journalists are not permitted to enter the Strip by crossing the ditch from Israel but have to make the 200-mile journey over the Sinai Desert. Although Egypt has complained to General Burns that the Israelis are using attractive girls to lure his soldiers over the border, the fact is that a strict non-fraternisation order prevents the UNEF troops from making any contact or developing a friendly attitude towards Israel. U.N. soldiers have been refused permission to spend their leave on this side of the border and a government invitation welcoming them to spend Easter in Israel and visit the Holy Places met with an evasive answer. The only English reading matter supplied to the troops comes from Cairo—the daily *Egyptian Gazette* and anti-Israeli pamphlets produced by the Ministry of National Guidance. Israel's *Jerusalem Post* is banned. But unlike the bored UNEF soldiers, Arab fedayeen seem to have no difficulty in crossing the lines. Although General Burns's report to UN headquarters mentions only two incidents of border crossing, Israel has already filed three complaints to the Security Council listing over 40 separate fedayeen raids. Vehicles and tractors have been blown up by Czech plastic mines planted on approaeh roads to villages, irrigation pipes, crops and machinery have been stolen, and there have been casualties. In one case, a mine was planted only 35 yards from a UNEF post near Nirim village. In another, Danish soldiers on patrol spotted infiltrators making off with a donkey-load of stolen irrigation pipes. But in neither case were the marauders apprehended, nor could they be.

Deprived of any powers, the 5,000 UNEF troops are neither policemen nor soldiers. They have no right of search or arrest in Gaza itself. Nor have they the right to take action against the organisation and training of fedayeen groups at their source. And UNEF is no army. Their orders are "to shout and not shoot" unless directly attacked; and it is improbable that determined raiders will be deterred by shouters. The UNEF soldiers and officers themselves appear bewildered by their orders; one cynically commented to an American correspondent last week that they have become "Nasser's border guards."

What then is left for UNEF to do? According to the agreement reached by Mr. Hammarskjold when he was last in Cairo, the task of UNEF is to *assist* the Egyptian authorities in Gaza in the prevention of infiltration. The responsibility for prevention is in the hands of the Egyptian-officered Gaza police—the same police who one year ago ambushed and killed a villager in the fields of Nahal Oz. With UNEF thus ineffectual as a deterrent to infiltration, the question of the proposed mined and barbed-wire fence along the demarcation line assumes greater importance. While Nasser continues his state of belligerency against Israel, it is realised here that there is no solution to the border problem. Nevertheless, it is believed that the projected fence would act as some sort of obstacle to night raiding. But this appears to be too radical for General Burns. Seeking a compromise between Nasser's adamant refusal to have a fence at all and the Israel demand for 70 kilometres of barbed wire, he is prepared to strike a bargain and agree on 27. The question being asked by Israelis is who will stop the fedayeen exploiting the remaining 47 kilometre gap.

UNEF performance over the past weeks has led to a rapid deterioration of relations between Israel and the UN secretariat. For Israelis this does not mean with the UN itself, since they feel that the General Assembly decision of November is being violated. They have been somewhat heartened in the last few weeks to note that other countries have expressed alarm at recent developments in Gaza. One indication of this was the recent statement in the Canadian House of Commons by Mr. Lester Pearson, the original advocate of UNEF, that he believes it would be a constructive idea for a sub-committee to investigate the Gaza situation on the spot and that this will be raised at the next UNEF Advisory Committee meeting.

Amman

Mobocracy

John Dugdale, M.P., writes: Until Hussein and the army took over last week Jordan was ruled nominally by a democratically elected parliament with a Cabinet depending on a parliamentary majority. There have, indeed, been frequent changes of government and superficially the Jordan government looked as democratic as the French. But the resemblance was purely superficial. In fact, Jordan has been ruled ever since the assassination of King Abdullah by something which can only be described as mobocracy.

The main centre of mob violence has been the refugee camps. When Jordan was first set up, the refugees who had come over the Israeli frontier were put into camps as near to the frontier as possible. I went last year to one of the largest and found some 30,000 men, women and children who had been there for eight or nine years. They were fed, clothed, doctored and educated by the U.N. with both efficiency and kindness. But the men had absolutely nothing whatever to do but to sit and think about the homes they had left behind them. For ten years they have sat like this, and it is scarcely to be wondered at if they have become embittered, and embittered they certainly are—against Israel, against Britain and now against America. When I went to the camp I had to pretend to be a U.N. doctor, as I was told it was definitely unsafe for it to be known that a British member of parliament was in the camp. If this had got around there would almost certainly have been riots. From time to time, and more and more frequently during recent years, their bitterness—played on by paid agitators inside the camp—erupts into active violence.

The refugees have friends everywhere; no government dare act without their approval. When I was there no minister dare even visit the camp. And they form nearly a third of the entire population. If one can imagine a situation in this country where one in every three of the population were in refugee camps, which no minister dared visit and which were full of agents from a foreign country, one can have some faint conception of conditions in Jordan today. Add to it a constant stream of Egyptian and Syrian propaganda, and you have a picture of a country in chaos. At the moment, of course, Hussein has established martial law and there is, at least, order. But no country can live permanently in a state of martial law.

What is the alternative? I personally believe that it is to admit that the creation of Jordan was a mistake. Unless oil is found there it can never be economically viable, and it is strategically in an impossible position. It is certainly not worth while spending British money and losing British lives to preserve it, and whatever America does we certainly should take no part in a war to uphold Jordan's "integrity." If its own government cannot hold it together, it must cease to exist as an independent state and be divided up among its neighbours. But this does not mean giving it to Nasser; far from it. In my opinion, the greater part of the country should go to Iraq. Iraq is, for an Arab country, remarkably prosperous, and prosperity is spread among the people more than it is in some other Arab countries. Large numbers of Jordanian refugees could be given employment in a "Greater Iraq" at rela-

tively high wages. If Iraq is to take over a large section of Jordan, it must be on condition that the refugee problem is solved by closing the camps and settling the refugees on the land, or giving them employment in industry.

Westminster

Tea and Calculation

The Central Lobby, which usually hums and buzzes like a main-line railway station, was as silent as a museum in the off-season. The public gallery, usually so crammed, was almost empty; and in the Chamber itself there was only a sprinkling of members, staring moodily at the sunblinds, unwilling tokens of parliament's determination to get back to work after the Easter recess. In the whole Palace of Westminster only one man seemed brisk, eager and alert; and that was Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Paymaster General, who would look brisk, eager and alert even on a croquet lawn on the hottest of summer afternoons.

Maudling gave an extraordinary performance. If one shut one's eyes and merely listened, one thought that he was reading a carefully prepared manuscript, the sort of paper which some unusually articulate scientist might read to the Royal Society. But when one looked, one saw that Maudling, opening for the government on the complicated technical subject of Britain's power supplies, was without benefit of a single note. These figures, this compendium of facts perfectly marshalled, was coming straight out of his head. Straight out? That would have been dull. With carefully contrived artifice, Maudling gave the impression that he was thinking on his feet, that he was working it all out as he went along. Here, he said, was the problem. Let's see. Industrial production would rise by roughly 3.50017 per cent. a year during the next ten years, and consumption of energy by something like 1.9909 per cent. a year during the same period. That would mean that we should need—here his hands seemed to be reaching for the chalk and his eyes to be peering at the blackboard—yes, that was right, 300,000,000 tons of coal equivalent in 1965. So we should need—here he lifted his eyes to the ceiling and struggled with the calculation—yes, 60,000,000 tons of coal equivalent, or was it 60,000,001 tons, extra by 1965. Well, anyway, the House could take it that 60,000,000 tons was near enough. Now, how were we to get that amount? It was a puzzling problem. Maudling's dark brows knitted, his hands gently stroked the despatch box, his eyes narrowed in intense concentration. Could the gap be closed? The House by now had sat up, mesmerised by Maudling's performance. There was the express hurtling round the corner. There was Pearl White tied to the rails. Could Maudling save her? Deftly he undid the first knot. There would, he said, be an increase of so much in coal production. A faint gleam of hope, this, but the atmosphere was still tense. Maudling cast around for some other aid. The atomic energy programme? Of course. Bring it here quick. That would help. But what else? Hurry with those increased oil imports. Saving fuel? Underground gasification of coal? Slagging gasifiers (whatever they might be)? Breathlessly the House watched as Maudling cut through the remaining knots and there at last, to everyone's relief, and in the nick of time, the girl was free. Exhausted members left their seats to settle their nerves with strong cups of tea.

But in the relaxed atmosphere of the tea room, doubts began to creep in. Those who had been carried unthinkingly along by the unfolding drama now began to ask themselves questions. What had Maudling's performance really amounted to? He had stated the problem all right—that is, if his mathematics were correct and you could bet they were. He had stated all right the solution which everyone wanted to see—a Britain reasonably free from power worries by 1965. But in between there seemed to be something missing. That enormous increase in coal production and in the production of atomic power—of course we all wanted that. But both would need huge quantities of, for example, steel. How was Maudling going to get the increased steel production? Or, if he could not get all he wanted by increased production, how was he going to see that his programme was top of the queue for what steel there was? Those increased oil imports—where were they coming from, how were they getting here and how were they being paid for?

Suddenly this masterly exposition came to look something of a sham. This at once provoked further questions. Maudling, besides being an excellent parliamentary performer, has a clear, capable brain. He must have seen the gaps in his speech at least as clearly as his audience. Why then, had he failed to fill them in? Was it because his programme could only be achieved by elaborate planning and fairly detailed controls and that such things must be referred to, if referred to at all, only obliquely in the presence of Conservatives? Or had Maudling fallen into line with his chief, the Prime Minister, who believes in government by airy generalisation? Perhaps because the yellow sunshine, filtering through the sunblinds, had made them soporific or perhaps because their thoughts were still in the Easter recess even when their bodies were on the green leather benches of the House of Commons, the opposition did not probe and expose these gaps as fully as they might have done. Time is likely to do that for them. But, in the matter of power, time is not on Britain's side.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Dilemma of the Doctors

THE dispute about doctors' pay is a matter of great public importance. Both the efficiency and the morale of the medical profession are at stake. It is most unfortunate that the government should have taken such a cavalier attitude towards the whole problem, seeking first to evade the claim, then deciding that a Royal Commission would buy time, and then making an interim pay increase which merely convinced the doctors that the Commission was a delaying tactic. Yet there are signs that the Royal Commission is taking a responsible and urgent view of its task. Indeed, there is such confusion about the system and the amount of doctors' pay—and the Guillebaud inquiry into the Health Service missed its chance to cut through the complex of vested interests—that nothing is more needed than a proper investigation, both of what doctors are paid and what they do for the money.

On what does the B.M.A. base its present claim that the net income of doctors should be raised by 24 per cent.? The dispute has its origins in the ambiguous formula produced by the Spens Committee in 1945, when it proposed that medical incomes should be based upon the 1939 range, plus a "betterment" allowance which should take into account changes in the value of money and increases in the incomes of other professions. This, the B.M.A. now insists, means that increases in the cost-of-living should lead automatically to an increase in doctors' pay and that the medical profession should retain its "differential." But the formula does not answer certain crucial questions. What if the cost-of-living rises, but other "professional" incomes do not keep pace with it? On which leg of the formula do the doctors then stand? And what are the other professions, and how should their incomes be compared with those of doctors, who enjoy substantial indirect benefits in the form of subsidies for such "practice expenses" as their cars, houses, telephones, secretaries, even their gardens? No one has tried to interpret this formula in terms. When the problem was given to Mr. Justice Danckwerts in 1952, he produced an award which gave the doctors a retrospective increase in pay, but he did not state how he had arrived at the amount nor did he indicate how any future increases under the Spens formula should be worked out.

The Danckwerts award has remained the method of paying doctors until the present claim. It assumes that the average net earnings of doctors are £2,222. This amount is then multiplied by the number of doctors. To the total is added the total of "practice expenses"—reached by sampling returns to the Inland Revenue—and then, after deducting about two million pounds for the private earnings of doctors, the whole sum is shared out among the doctors in proportion to the number of their patients. Without examining the complexities of this method of payment, and the even greater complications of consultants' fees, it is clear that this system favours doctors with large lists, that it enables them to shift the burden of rising expenses to a large extent on to the Treasury, and that it underestimates what many doctors actually earn from private patients, insurance companies and industrial firms. There is also, as *The Practitioner* points out in a refreshingly self-critical article, the vexed question of low-paid assistants, denied partnerships but helping to increase their employers' net takings.

We do not suggest that all doctors are adequately paid, or that the present income-structure of the medical profession is satisfactory. On the contrary, there are some general practitioners who are underpaid, and others take on too much work in order to increase their incomes. And, as the government recognised in making the interim increase for junior hospital staffs 10 per cent. rather than the general 5 per cent., the younger registrars and house-officers are for the most part underpaid and overworked.

Yet the B.M.A. is asking for a flat increase without any attempt to shift the relative rewards of the profession, and without being prepared to discuss how much work is done in return for these rewards. Consider, for instance, the way in which the B.M.A. has shifted its ground. It bases its case upon the Spens formula. But before that it rested its claim upon the argument that practitioners were asked to do more work than they were paid to do. In 1937, it promoted an inquiry by Professor Bradford Hill which showed that the average doctor saw his panel patients about five times a year. In 1952, it promoted a similar inquiry. The report has never been published. Why not? We note that the B.M.A. no longer claims that the doctors are doing more work. Could it be that some of them are doing less? The average number of patients per doctor is less now than before the war, and though the B.M.A. is discreetly silent about its 1952 inquiry, the government social survey showed that in 1949-50 doctors saw their male patients between 16 and 64 only about 3½ times a year. Moreover, as *The Practitioner* points out, many doctors are simply pushing routine cases on to the hospitals. The Commission would also do well to study the interesting development of the emergency call service, a private venture which relieves doctors of the burden of night-calls—for a fee recoverable as "practice expenses."

There is, moreover, another aspect of the Spens formula. As Professor Titmuss rightly urged in a letter to *The Times* on February 1, the Spens Committee not only assumed that the advent of the Health Service would mean more work for the doctors in general practice: it also made allowance for the expense that doctors incurred for life insurance and for retirement. But there is a special National Health Service superannuation scheme which, as Professor Titmuss pointed out, in many respects "is more generous than that enjoyed by other professions, for example, teachers and university staffs." The B.M.A. answer to this criticism is that the doctors are forgoing current spending power for the sake of "rather greater" retirement benefits. But how long has the amount of superannuation been "beside the point" in assessing the relative rewards of an occupation? It is directly related to it, just as the security which doctors enjoy must be taken into account in assessing how much society should pay them for their services.

Part of the difficulty of this problem—it is, indeed, the central dilemma raised by this dispute—is that the doctors have a peculiarly privileged position in our society. They regulate the entry, the standards, the ethics and, to a large extent, the structure of their profession. But they also deploy the monopoly power they thereby wield to strengthen their business interests. The *mores* of public-service and self-interest are hopelessly mixed up. That is all the more reason why the public interest requires the Royal Commission to look very carefully at the methods (as well as the amount) of paying the doctors. This week's news suggests that the doctors are now showing welcome signs of collaboration.

Poland's New Model Economy

"THE Russians, after their October Revolution, tried to build Socialism despite the capitalist encirclement of their country. We, after our October Revolution of 1956, are trying to build Socialism despite the Socialist encirclement of our country." This is the definition of Poland's problem which circulates in the cafés of Warsaw today. It is, of course, somewhat flippant, but it is a good enough summary of the ambitions of Poland's present leaders and of the limitations within which they are working. I explained, in a previous article, that Poland's membership of the Socialist camp is forcing Gomulka to temper the revisionist ardour of the Polish intellectuals and to adopt a prudent attitude in the field of foreign affairs. But such concessions do not mean that the Poles have renounced their rights to conduct a highly original experiment within their proper domain of internal affairs. They believe that the relative freedom from Soviet domination, which they secured last October, will allow them to reshape from top to bottom what they call the "economic model" of their society.

For this reason, I am astonished that so many western left-wing politicians and journalists, who have recently visited the Polish capital, and who attach such great importance to the smallest changes on the staff of Warsaw newspapers, have had so little to say about the great debate on the economic model which is now taking place in Poland. Hardly a single newspaper in London or in Paris has published the news, for example, of the creation in Poland of an Economic Council, or described the work it is doing. Yet the Council, which was set up for a two-year period beginning on January 1, 1957, and which has 30 members, has been given the task of directing this transformation of the Polish economy. Its chairman is Professor Oscar Lange, well-known in Britain and the U.S. A distinguished brains trust of economists, sociologists and technicians has been built up around him and they are already directing not merely long-term planning, but current economic policy.

For, let it be said at once, between the aim of the Polish Communists to create a new type of economy and their chances of fulfilling it lies an enormous obstacle: the virtual breakdown of the Polish economic structure. Before deciding the future, the men who rule Poland must conquer the present. And present prospects are dismal. I recall that a year ago, when I was making my first visit to Poland since Stalin's death, I met many Polish friends who maintained that the economic crisis—which led to the Poznan riots—was only temporary and could easily be solved. "Look," they said to me, "in spite of all the mistakes made in our economic policy, we have nevertheless created a powerful heavy industrial base. We produce five million tons of steel a year, and we are not on the whole a poor, undeveloped country like Yugoslavia. As soon as we have freed ourselves from Russian exploitation and removed the stranglehold of bureaucracy, above all in the country areas, Poland will become very rapidly a prosperous country." At that stage, then, the recipe for prosperity was a simple one: get rid of the Russians and cut down the bureaucrats; after that everything would be perfect. This touching faith

was so firmly established in the hearts of most Poles that, when Gomulka, in his first public speech, reminded them of Poland's enormous debt to Russia, people began spontaneously in every city to come to editorial offices with their own plan for saving money and with family heirlooms, such as jewellery. "Give that to Gomulka," they said, "so he can pay our debts to Russia and so that the Russians can leave as quickly as possible."

As we now know, these pathetic gifts were not necessary. Soviet Russia not only cancelled Poland's debts but also gave Gomulka considerable credit facilities. Nobody today can cite Russian exploitation as an excuse. Yet Poland is far from being a prosperous country. Having said this, I don't want to underestimate the damage which Soviet external trade methods had done to the Polish economy during the years before Gomulka came to power. But I think that their principal error did not lie in any particular trade treaty, but in something which went much deeper and which is now much more difficult to eradicate: the nightmare system of economic planning which Russia forced Poland to adopt after 1948.

I don't want to describe in detail the way in which the Polish economy worked in the period before the October Revolution. The point can be made briefly. The system of total planning which involved giving orders at all levels and suppressing all initiative might, though socially odious, have proved viable if it had been economically successful. But this was not the case. By giving absolute priority to certain economic objectives, by ignoring normal methods of costing and price fixing—as well as consumer needs—the economic planners succeeded in creating not a smooth working economy but unmitigated chaos. What is the retail price of a ton of coal? What is the price of a pair of shoes or a tractor? Today nobody really knows, because for seven years everyone was concerned exclusively with reaching arbitrarily fixed levels of production—at whatever the cost, even if this meant doubling the number of workers in one factory and closing down other factories entirely—so that the vital regulating and measuring instruments which all economies, even unplanned ones, require, were shattered beyond recall.

If an economy were something which one could stop for a minute and start up again after a pause for reflection, to repair the damage would be easy, for the principal defects in the Polish economy are sufficiently well known. Unfortunately they have to be cured within a living organism which cannot cease to function even for one minute. It is out of the question, for example, to shut down a number of marginal or underproductive factories or to dismiss surplus workers in the big factories, because this would create widespread unemployment. It is equally impossible to send back to the country all the farmworkers who were brought into the towns in order to complete high-priority projects in the Six-Year Plan. It is even impossible to establish price systems based on supply and demand, because if this were attempted the acute shortage of consumer goods would inevitably lead to inflation and so reduce living standards.

In short, it is impossible to cure the Polish economy by a surgical operation. Instead, the economic doctors have resorted to cautious doses of medicine. They have revised their investment policy and reorganised wage and price scales. For essential products and for those in short supply prices continue to be controlled from the centre, but on strictly commercial lines—that is to say, without subsidies, at any rate in certain industries. Free competition is now allowed for artisans, and for agriculture. Compulsory deliveries of food, which were the principal complaint of the peasants, are being gradually suppressed, though the state will continue to act as a retailer. In industry, a number of "experimental factories" will work out new management methods and a new wage structure.

The result of these partial measures seems to be very satisfactory in rural areas, but much less so in the towns. The peasantry is extremely grateful to Gomulka for having removed the menace of collectivisation which hung over their lives and discouraged production, and they are anxious to demonstrate their confidence in the new regime. Thus, there has been a sizeable peasant migration from southern Poland, where there is serious rural overpopulation, towards western Poland where much land is still undercultivated; and since compulsory deliveries of food were diminished, production (above all of milk) has sensibly increased.

But in industry, on the other hand, reorganisational problems are much more difficult. Even before Gomulka's rise to power, workers' councils had been set up spontaneously in some factories. Subsequently the new government promulgated a law authorising their creation in all factories. But the election of councillors who are really capable of playing a part in running the factory has not proved easy, nor has it been simple to co-ordinate central planning with the aspirations of individual councils. Personally, I got the impression that the workers' councils are not yet ready to play a leading role. In every factory their members show a marked tendency to think purely of the short-term interests of the workers. It is, however, quite clear that such interests cannot yet be satisfied; the economic crisis will not, for the moment, allow any substantial rise in wages, and in any case until the first stage of the replanning is completed little autonomy can be given to individual factories. For the moment the most that the workers' councils can do is to try to increase production and avoid industrial disputes.

Once the present crisis is mastered, what should be the long-term characteristic of the Polish economy? The central point at issue in the current debate on the "model economy" is how to find planning methods, which can function within an economic democracy and within whose limits the workers can control the development of their country. Having passed through a period of overcentralisation the Poles are nevertheless anxious, to avoid the opposite extreme, as in Yugoslavia. They wish to define the limits to which central planning can be carried and at the same time to build in adjustment mechanisms which are operated by market forces and so establish an order of economic priorities fixed by economic laws and not by administrative decisions. In short, they want a long-term system of planning which will be influenced, though not dominated, by consumer demand. In addition, the state will continue to influence the peasant sector of the economy, which cannot be allowed to remain entirely in the hands of small farmers, and will participate in the retail and distribution of agricultural products. But such intervention, it is now intended, will be carried out in a democratic manner: Socialism, in other words, will come eventually to the Polish countryside but it will come voluntarily.

The problems which the Polish leaders are tackling are of more than local interest. For neither Soviet Russia, nor even less the countries of the west, has found a foolproof method of planning modern society. Poland could lead the way. But this opportunity has been given to what is essentially a poor country, and its ability to seize it will depend largely on the short-term economic victories which Gomulka can win. That is why foreign aid is so urgent for Poland. The country is not bankrupt. It can live and develop slowly even without external assistance. But if it is to undertake this great social experiment, if it is to evolve a new relation between town and country and between different sectors of industry and agriculture, the Polish government has need of an economic margin which only foreign aid can provide.

K. S. KAROL

NEXT WEEK

The Insider

Profile of Sir Edward Boyle, M.P.
with caricature by VICKY

The Indian Mutiny

by K. M. PANNIKAR
Indian Ambassador in Paris

London Diary

IF I had needed anything to convince me that the government had a bad conscience over the H-bomb tests, Selwyn Lloyd's broadcast in *Woman's Hour* last Monday would have clinched it. The B.B.C. has done an excellent job in running this series; Professors Rotblat and Penrose, both of whom are signatories of the latest report of the Atomic Scientists' Association on strontium hazards, had led off with serious surveys of the scientific and medical effects of the bomb and had aroused first-class listener response. One would have thought that the Foreign Secretary would at least have shown some respect for these scientific anxieties. Instead, when asked by Bob McKenzie to comment on them, he first tried to sidetrack the issue by claiming that "they do come, you know, a good deal from non-scientific sources," and when brought back firmly to the findings of the A.S.A.'s Committee persisted in the favourite smear of the morally bankrupt. . . . "Well they come—a great deal of this kind of argument comes from people with strong fellow-travelling tendencies and leanings." There can be little doubt that he intended deliberately to smear the Association; perhaps he doesn't realise that Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Atomic Energy Research establishment at Harwell, is one of its Vice-Presidents? No doubt the scientists in private employment who are directly concerned can look after themselves; but the thought that we have a man of this calibre as Foreign Secretary is frightening.

* * *

Once again the French police have seized Claude Bourdet's outspoken journal, *France-Observateur*. Last time its crime seems to have been that it carried an article headed "Silence is Blood," the point of which was not again to repeat atrocity allegations from Algeria, but to protest against the policy of M. Mollet's government in suppressing such information. About two-thirds of the readers were prevented from receiving the paper. A second seizure has been carried out again this week. The issue contained a series of letters which a young soldier had written to his father; they showed how an innocent young Frenchman in North Africa can be gradually involved in committing shameful acts against Arabs. Exactly what legal remedy a newspaper

now has in France seems doubtful, but it looks as if the present government, which calls itself Socialist, feels that it can safely get away with what in the past we should have called Fascism.

* * *

A Washington court has convicted Dr. Otto Nathan of contempt of Congress. Dr. Nathan refused, on grounds of principle, to tell the Un-American Activities Committee whether or not he had been a member of the Communist Party. As a matter of fact, Dr. Nathan—who was Einstein's closest friend and literary executor—has already stated on oath at a passport hearing two years ago that he had never been a Communist, either in Germany or in the U.S., and he referred the Committee to that statement. He was given a passport to come to Europe to settle Einstein's affairs. Since his return, the Committee has been hounding him. He has refused to give an inch, insisting that Einstein was right in arguing that a man should go to jail rather than help whittle away personal freedom. In two weeks, Arthur Miller also comes up for trial on a similar charge of contempt.

* * *

Dr. Fairfield is probably right about the authenticity of the Casement diary; she is certainly right that the Home Office should be compelled to come clean about it. Is the reason for its evasion merely shame about the use made of the diary to stifle the appeal for a reprieve? It is this part of the Noyes book that rouses me to fury. That the Attorney-General, himself a supporter of treason in Ulster, should have acted as prosecutor of his political opponent, gone about during and after the trial showing passages from the diary to persons who might be tempted to ask for his reprieve and then expressed delight that he had succeeded in getting Casement executed, is surely loathsome. I am told, on excellent authority, that he even fed tasty extracts of pornography from the diary to select dinner parties of his male and female friends. I read Alfred Noyes's book during the night and went to sleep. I woke up a few minutes later and turned on the light so that I could scribble on a piece of paper by my bedside these words: "Those who do not believe in hell may regret that they cannot believe that Birkenhead is in it; those who do believe in hell will regret that the ethics of their religion forbid them rejoicing in the knowledge of his torments." And I agreed with myself next morning.

* * *

As an example of the type of programme which the Third does, and which no other radio service would ever do, take the dramatic reading last week of Lowes Dickinson's *Modern Symposium*. There was a time when this was my favourite book; whether my friends were equally impressed after I had insisted on reading it aloud—which was my habit in those days—I don't know. Professionally read, it stands up superbly today, even though it was published 50 years ago. But surely it was an error for the B.B.C. not to explain the period and intention of what is, after all, now a period piece. How many listeners today would realise that the old Tory, whose point of view comes first, is an earlier Salisbury, characteristically retiring before he need, and that the eloquent Liberal who follows is Gladstone, and the ironic Jew who pulls him to pieces is Disraeli? Even more odd, it seemed to me, not to explain that the peculiar brand of Socialism, which seems so remote today, is that expounded by Sidney Webb in the Nineties, and that the philosophy put forward by the last speaker is Dickinson's interpretation of George Meredith. Without such a key it seemed to me that much of the wit and meaning of this superb dialogue must have been lost.

* * *

Not many tough writers are personally tough. Roy Campbell was. In his later years before he went to live in Portugal, he could be seen limping into London restaurants looking like a returned colonial uncle, shrewd, garrulous, starred by wounds and bruises, softened by time, but with a mild eye cocked wistfully for trouble. He had had a wild, free life as a boy in Natal and Rhodesia and, when he grew up, he found the literary life of South Africa provincial and tame. For him poetry was one more form of action, like going to sea, bull-fighting, circus riding and war; and so was history. He wrote: "To acquire my own sense of history I have had to live it physically through every phase: from paddling a coracle which we had in Wales, to piloting a speed boat and a glider; from riding bare-backed horses to the latest thing in mountain climbing with Matchless motorbikes; from a sling and an assegai to a Vickers machine gun." He wrote in the elation of a prolonged boyhood. There were the god-like animals you hunted: the lion, the leopard, the koodoo, the hippo, the klipspringer, the crocodile, the baboon; and there were the sinister humans—perhaps projections of the detested and sadistic schoolmaster who had taken it out of him in Durban—Reds, intellectuals, Jews, homosexuals, Protestants, Freemasons, atheists, psychoanalysts, dead hostesses and detested poets, led by the mild figure of Havelock Ellis. Campbell's Fascism sprang from a schoolboy's hagiography. In polemical hatred he was, as I seem to remember him saying somewhere, a mere picador to the matador of Wyndham Lewis.

* * *

Anything can happen in London. Even a bus can take the wrong turning. Very surprising when it happens. Instead of turning into Oxford Street, our driver charged across Oxford Circus to the top of Upper Regent Street, where he pulled up in full career. There happened not to be much traffic, and a laughing policeman helped us to make a ponderous reverse like a hippopotamus which suddenly discovers a snake in his bath. A trivial affair. But it was the people in the bus who interested me. They all rose in their seats protesting, peering at the driver, laughing. If there had been personal incident, say an argument about fares with a bit of bad feeling, then we should all have sat silent, buried deeper in our evening papers, with only our ears red. But this was a cosmic event. Buses, unlike women, do not go wrong. The impossible had happened. "For 40 years," I said, "I have travelled in London buses and never seen that happen." The couple in the next seat cordially agreed. And so did a girl sitting behind me, who then discovered that she knew who I was and remembered where she had seen me before. She just had time to tell me this before I got off at the next bus stop. We were no longer an odd collection of passengers but a group of people who had enjoyed a common experience. It might have been an air raid.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Much is heard of the risk that our grandchildren may be born deformed and imbecile as a result of test explosions.

Nothing is said of the far greater risk that those same grandchildren would almost certainly be born little Communists if it were not for the bomb and our testing of it. For my unborn grandchildren I know which risk I'd take.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (G. M. Green.)

The news that North Cotes aerodrome, near Grimsby, is to be converted into a guided missile station has resulted in little reaction so far from the inhabitants. Their main anxiety at present is whether the missiles will interfere with local TV reception.—*Yorkshire Post*. (S. Wilkinson.)

New Barnet boy (14) sent approved school from Barnet as beyond control, said: "When I hit my mother I always have good cause."—*Evening News*. (G. D. Gregory.)

Unstable Community

"Singapore is not a stable community. . . . There should not be self-rule at all if part of the population cannot be trusted with it."

Daily Express leader.

Macmillan had a little bomb
Which he was asked to stop;
He told his critics that *à plomb*
The bomb was sure to drop.

"Everyone knows," Macmillan droned
(While Tories cheered and yelled),
"That if these tests should be postponed
They never will be held."

Macmillan in that hour betrayed
His formula for peace:
That murder must not be delayed
For fear that it should cease.

Now had he spoken in a pub
(Provided he was drunk)
His words a kindly man might dub
Inebriated bunk.

Not so, nor in a Looney Bin,
But in affairs of State
A Premier was speaking in
A serious debate.

* * *

While Solon Beaverbrook attacks
Self-rule at Singapore
Our homicidal maniacs
Concern me rather more:

The Village Hampdens of the past,
Poor devils, did their best—
The Village Idiots at last
Put Freedom to the Test.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Three Magi

THE current trouble in Jordan is another instance of how badly the American policy-makers have botched the problems of Middle East policy. There was little enough stability in Jordan, but —whatever it was—the threat to it comes from a mass-feeling which uses Nasser as its hero image and Russian weapons as a potential persuader. If the West is to meet the challenge of this revolutionary feeling over the long span it cannot rely upon the Arab Legion or the Sixth Fleet or the monarchical principle. The failure to find idea-weapons of any kind (surely the idea of the UN can have no place here) is the great failure of western policy, and in it Eden and Dulles are equally implicated.

The reader will perhaps forgive me if, indulging in a perversely bitter American chauvinism, I assert that in Middle East matters Secretary Dulles has shown fully as great a talent for catastrophe as Eden. Yet he remains solidly entrenched in his job, as if he had been bringing off successes week after week. I am inclined to agree with his new biographer, John R. Beal, in calling him a worker of miracles, but the true miracle is his own political survival in the face of his disastrous policies. One reason is that he is encased in the armour of President Eisenhower's belief in him, and Eisenhower, in turn, still trails a few bedraggled clouds of his own former godhead glory.

What has happened is that the Republicans are too frightened about losing power to admit any genuine doubts about the foreign policy of their leadership: the only issue splitting Republicans today in a serious way is the monstrous Budget and the failure to cut taxes. The Democrats, in turn, are too split by the North-South cleavage to push with any energy the issue of Middle East policy—or, for that matter, anything else.

As a result no one has seriously confronted Dulles with the two big facts about the failure of his policy. One is that the western nations have never managed to use their bargaining power with the Nasser regime on the issue of the international control of the Canal. They had the chance before the British withdrew from the Canal Zone, they had it again at the time of the fiasco of the Suez war, when British and French withdrawal could have been conditioned on getting an agreement from Nasser. They had it a third time before the pullback of the Israeli troops from Sinai and the Gaza Strip; and they had it a fourth time (perhaps finally) when Nasser was dependent on the U.S. and U.N. for dredging and clearing the Canal. In each case the bargaining occasion was almost casually thrown away—an ironic fact when one considers how much Dulles has stressed the concept of bargaining from a position of strength.

The second big failure lies, as I have suggested, in the failure to challenge the twin ideas of Communism and nationalist Nasserism in the Middle East with a more vigorous fighting faith. The fact of the Moscow-Cairo axis has never been clearly made the target of American attack, because it has been a cardinal principle of policy that Nasser's feelings must not be too brusquely wounded. Because Dulles has not dared to make this attack, he has not been able to reach the Arab intellectuals with the evidence of Hungary as proof of what happens when the Russians acquire a satellite. He has not been able to argue that Nasser's nationalism is a fake brand (even the pitiful nationalism of King Hussein is more genuine), and that the social reforms that go with Communism end up as dust and ashes, mixed with blood. Instead, there has been only the doubtful nourishment of the Eisenhower Doctrine, backed up by a show of force.

No doubt the adherents of Mr. Dulles would regard this as the naive analysis characteristic of liberal American intellectuals. There is a vaunted smell of sulphur in the Dulles camp—the pathetic eagerness of the Secretary of State to be recognised as the Machiavelli or Talleyrand of our time, who moves in his complex and devious ways his wonders to perform. There is even an elaborate theory which the *Time* and *Life* staffers will confide to you in whispers—the theory that Eisenhower (who, they say, has come to hate Nasser as he once hated McCarthy) will in time destroy Nasserism by the same lethal indirections and at the same deceptively delayed pace as he used to destroy McCarthyism.

It profits little to point out, when this theory is whispered to you, that McCarthyism almost strangled American freedom before Eisenhower was roused from his above-the-battle lethargy of detachment and finally decided to do battle in the McCarthy-army hearings and in the Senate censure resolution. It profits equally little to wonder why Eisenhower and Dulles have been at such pains to rescue and preserve Nasser if they plan in time to destroy the unholy alliance of Nasserism and Communism.

What has actually happened is that American policy is being shaped by a new trio—Eisenhower, Hammerskjold and Dulles. Except for the Eisenhower doctrine and its possible application in the Jordan struggle, the legalism of the U.N. has been thrust into the foreground to conceal the lack of a clear national policy and to deflect criticism of it both by Nasser and by his opponents. In the light of this trend the familiar charge that American imperialism has a far-flung network of proconsuls moving out to govern the world takes on the character of a joke.

Of the three, President Eisenhower is the least complex and difficult to describe. Trained as an army administrator, he showed in the European theatre of war a striking capacity for the diplomacy of warfare. His tendency has been to blur the edges of conflict, and to refuse to recognise real dangers or cut his way sharply through them. During World War II he had Roosevelt to set his course, afterwards for several years he had Harry Truman. When he himself reached the White House he found the Presidency a lonely place. This man who has been twice elected as President because he is a father figure to so many Americans seems himself to need a father to set his goals. He has found what he has sought—not in any man, but in the U.N. itself.

The case of Dag Hammerskjold is more complex. He is a sensitive, tangled personality, whose diplomatic training has frozen him verbally and externally into the fixed image of neutrality, without resolving the undoubted intensities within him. Inordinately wary of ever saying anything that could be construed as an opinion, he has fallen back on a weird disembodied language which is all double-talk, sheathed with seven veils that yield only to those adept at stripping them away. Fearful of betraying himself into anything substantive, he takes refuge in a legalism dissociated from the power realities of our time. Yet no man can strip himself of the conditionings of his personality, and for Hammerskjold the evocative image seems to be that of a revolutionary nationalism freed from imperial domination. This bent towards romanticising the new nation-states has prevented him from seeing that Nasser is neither Nehru nor U Nu but a sawdust Caesar, using the Communists and being used by them, obsessed with a design for a new Pan-Arab empire.

If Eisenhower is the father-in-need-of-a-father, and if Hammerskjold is the legalist-on-a-rainbow, who is Dulles, what is he? His self-image is that of a devilishly clever man who knows all the diplomatic tricks and is determined to use them on the side of the saints, in the cause of peace on earth. His biographer tells us—what we might have guessed—that he has read and been deeply influenced by Arnold Toynbee—and especially by the concept of challenge-and-response. He had thought of becoming a minister of the gospel, until he changed his mind and studied law. But beyond both law and the ministry there was the life-long determination to become Secretary of State, and to make the crucial decisions of the world's greatest power.

One cannot understand Dulles without remembering that he contains within himself all three impulses—that of the man of God, that of lawyer with a brief, that of a Machiavelli at a time of the breaking and making of nations. Caught between them he has had to wrestle with himself to make all three meet and march together. But he has succeeded only in operating on three levels, and commuting between them. He wants world peace and the Kingdom of God on earth—but he also wants to keep the Arab oil reserves in American hands, whether by saving Nasser or destroying Nasser. How capable he is of playing a double-game has been shown repeatedly. Just at the time when he was assuring the Arabs that Israel would get no American arms, he was giving his secret blessing to the sale of French and Canadian planes to Israel. If he could achieve his power objective by betraying Israel and making it expendable—which goes for Britain and France as well—he would find in his well-stored legal and moral armoury a stock of rationalisations to assuage his conscience. This is Dulles Agonistes, Dulles the overreacher.

And these three together are the three Magi in the desert of the contemporary power scene, bearing gifts to a God still unborn.

New York. MAX LERNER

Fleet Street Notebook

THE battle of the giants is now on—using the term giants in its quite literal sense of physical size. Since the beginning of this year restrictions on the size of newspapers, imposed at the beginning of the war and continued after it, have ceased. In this respect, although not yet in all others, newspapers are now free to consume what newsprint they can afford. And it is now quite clear that those with the money to do so intend to outgun their weaker competitors in every possible way. So far the paper to suffer most, now that the race is open, is the *Daily Herald*, with the *News Chronicle* only a nose ahead. On most days the *Herald*, and almost as frequently the *News Chronicle*, is now only half the size of that offered by the *Daily Express* for the same money. The *Express* is now very often 16 pages, rarely less than 12; the *Herald* and *News Chronicle* normally eight. In fact during the month of April just ended, the *Express* offered its readers a total of 90 more pages of news, features—and advertisements—than the *Herald* did for the same money, and 72 more than the *News Chronicle*. And, although the gap between the *Express* and the *Mail* in this period was less—22 pages—the *Express* is clearly determined to show that whatever anyone else does it can do bigger. Meanwhile the *Mirror* is

the things they say!

Did you see in the press the other day how short of engineering technologists we are becoming? Every year, it seems, there are more than 50,000 new technologists in Russia, and more than 20,000 in America. But the figure for Britain is only 3,000!

Yes, it's a big problem, all right.

What I want to know is: Why doesn't industry do something about it? After all, it's industrial firms that need the technologists — they should help the Universities to produce them.

Many do. For instance, I.C.I. gives over £200,000 to the Universities every year for a variety of purposes, including research fellowships and grants to their scientific departments for the materials and equipment needed in research.

That's quite something — I.C.I. seems to be alive to its own vital interests.

Yes, and that's not the whole story, for I.C.I. recently started, at several Universities, a new scheme of Transfer Scholarships.

These will enable young men who haven't studied Science at school to prepare themselves to take it at the University. This scheme will do something to help us get the *extra* technologists that Britain so badly needs.

ICI

now pretty regularly publishing 20 or 24 tabloid size pages against the *Sketch's* 16.

This is a battle in which money counts—money and of course advertising, which is money spelt a different way. The *Express* can afford to produce papers of this size in an all-out effort to add more and more to its 4,000,000-odd readers, not only because it has very large reserves but also because it can pull in more or less all the advertisements it needs at a rate which works out at around £5,000 a page. Neither the *Herald* nor the *Chronicle*—with substantially lower space rates—can. The current advertisement position is indeed becoming more and more sombre for the weaker popular papers at the same time as it becomes more and more glowing for the strong ones. The figures are startling. In the first quarter of this year the *Express* revenue from display advertising rose by over 13 per cent. compared with the first quarter of the previous year, while the *Herald's* revenue from display advertising in the same period fell by just over 18½ per cent. The *News Chronicle* kept about even, the *Mail* stepped up by about 4½ per cent.

The battle of size, while it is being fought particularly ruthlessly in the daily newspaper field, is also being waged among Sunday papers, where the *Sunday Times* is now regularly producing 24-page papers with so many high-priced exclusive feature series as to run into the danger of making all but the most indomitable of readers punch-drunk before they are more than half way through. This lavish policy is, however, already bringing results in rising circulation although the *Observer* (16 pages) is still managing to hold the loyalty of its own adherents.

Two questions arise from all this. One is, of course, whether those papers economically only able to produce newspapers which in sheer size look poor value for money in comparison with others will continue to be able to hold readers now that the chips are down. Are they likely to be crushed by the sheer weight of their prosperous competitors? The answer to this question is not necessarily simple or certain. The immense war and post-war rise in newspaper circulations came with small papers. It is not yet proved that all readers, as a matter of course, welcome more and more pages. The liking for being able to skim quickly through the news may remain, despite all temptations—although it has to be said that the evidence so far is running the other way. Certainly it seems unlikely that those newspapers such as the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle*, which cannot afford to put on weight, can hold readers against the pull of the *Express* and the *Mail* by simply doing less of the same thing. War-time economies forced all newspapers to develop a technique of concentrated news reporting—of getting a great deal in little space—which undoubtedly had its own appeal for many readers. I should have thought that it was in the developing and perfecting of this technique that the real hope lay for those papers who cannot afford to spend money on larger size. They might do worse than remember the slogan with which Northcliffe launched the *Daily Mail*: "The Busy Man's Daily Journal," and his emphasis—in which there was a good deal of justification at the time—that the *Mail's* appeal to readers lay not in its cheapness but in its "conciseness and compactness."

The other question is, of course, how far the present trend in advertising is to go. At the moment it is undoubtedly the case that a growing number of advertising agents now believe in putting more and more eggs in fewer and fewer baskets. Their campaigns are planned on the thesis that the maximum effect can be achieved by taking very large spaces in papers of very large circulation instead of spreading their advertising copy widely over many different newspapers of varying appeal. This has already had a devastating effect on some of the small provincial papers. It is, as the *Express* and *Herald* advertising figures show, beginning to have marked consequence on the economies of national newspapers. It may have even more significant consequences on the whole press structure of the country before it is done.

* * *

A little while back I congratulated Lord Rothermere, the owner, and Mr. Charles Eade, the editor, of the *Sunday Dispatch* on allowing their political columnist Mr. Alastair Forbes the freedom to attack policies—notably the Suez policy—which the paper was editorially supporting. I seem to have been premature. Mr. Charles Eade has now been translated from the editor's chair to higher things—directorial responsibilities of an as yet unspecified character—and Mr. Forbes has lost his column. The *Sunday Dispatch* will now speak with one voice. It will be a dull one, I fear.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Perils of Hypergamy

Now I'm practically sure of it. *Lucky Jim*, *Look Back in Anger* and all that lot roused my suspicions; and the clincher has come with John Braine's *Room at the Top*, which tells much the same story all over again, brilliantly and bitterly. The curse which is ruining, in fantasy if not in their own lives, these brilliant young men of working-class origin and welfare-state opportunity is what anthropologists have dubbed male hypergamy. It is a new pattern in English life, and apparently a very distressing one.

In any society stratified by caste or class—and this means all complex societies, all societies composed of more than one ethnic group when the groups are distinguishable by appearance or speech, and all societies colonised or missionised by Hinduism—the great majority of marriages or socially recognised sexual relationships take place within the caste or class. This is to say that the caste or class tends to be endogamous, by definition where caste is concerned, by custom with class. But even in the most rigid societies, even in Hindu India or the southern United States or South Africa, some marriages across class or caste barriers do occur or, where such marriages are forbidden by civil law, become established and public irregular unions.

When such cross-class or cross-caste unions do occur, the society has to decide to which social position the couple shall be assigned. Probably the more common is for the higher status partner to be degraded to the lower status, to "lose caste" or "become *déclassé*" in the precise meaning of the common phrases; but there are situations where the lower class or caste partner is raised to the higher status of the spouse, and this is technically called hypergamy, marrying upwards.

In most societies status or prestige tends to be connected with one of the sexes rather than the other, a facet of what is popularly (and inaccurately) called patriarchy or matriarchy; in "male prestige" societies a woman's status is derived from her father and her husband; in "female prestige" societies a man's status will be related to that of his mother, his sister and his wife. It seems fairly simple for the person of the sex which carries esteem to give status to a lower-class partner; King Cophetua could raise the beggar maid; or, to come nearer to our own time, any number of chorus girls could be raised to the peerage. Female hypergamy fits fairly well into English society, and has informed the dreams of any number of unprivileged girls, from *Jane Eyre* to most of the serials in most of the current women's magazines.

As far as we know, male hypergamy has always been a relatively uncommon arrangement, though it has taken place regularly in some matrilineal societies, notably some of the tribes and castes of southern India. There seem to be two general, though not universal, reasons for this; in most societies property (other than title to land) is usually gained and held by men, and although wealth and high status never completely coincide, the former is very often a prerequisite for the latter; and leisured men seem to find the manipulation of symbols more congenial than do leisured women; and status, as much as the arts, is to a very great extent dependent on the proper manipulation of symbols.

These are generalisations, not universals. In the contemporary United States, the symbols of high status have been almost entirely left in women's hands—an application for inclusion in the *Social Register* must be accompanied by letters of recommendation from two women who are already included; and in the United States male hypergamy is a recognised technique for the advancement of an able, ambitious but lower status man; "marrying the boss's daughter" is the way this step is usually described. In the novels and films elaborating this theme, the hero's happiness is rarely shadowed.

In *Lucky Jim*, *That Uncertain Feeling*, *Look Back in Anger*, *Room at the Top* (to mention no others) the hero, of working-class origin, is married to, or involved in a public liaison with, a middle to upper middle-class woman and doesn't really enjoy it at all, in the long run. He thinks he is "destroyed" by her, or would be "destroyed" by her if he didn't return to his proper working-class environment, or both are reduced to mutual misery and recrimination. These cross-class unions, with male hypergamy, don't work out, we are told with humour and anger and passion and sentimentality; and yet it is implied, if not stated, that it is only among women of this higher social class that these bright young men can expect to find wives or mistresses.

It is perhaps necessary to enter a *caveat* that I am talking about works of fiction, not about the authors, of whose personal lives I know nothing at all. The fantasies underlying these fictions are realistic enough and coherent enough so that they can be treated as referring to contemporary English life, even if it be impossible, or at least very ill-mannered, to identify specific instances of such unions.

The records are sparse, but it seems as if, before 1939, the higher-status Englishwoman was declassed to her lower-status spouse; when a school teacher married a miner, she became a miner's wife, not he a teacher's husband; the fictions of D. H. Lawrence have several examples of the lady marrying downwards (hypogamy, in anthropological vocabulary). The problem, therefore, is why male hypergamy has suddenly become at the least a possibility to be considered, and why it is felt to be so inevitably destructive by the young men to whom it might occur?

The English class structure has never been really rigid or impermeable; but, in the past,

The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

SCH, SCH, "MARY ROSE"

For those whose blood is salt with the tang of the sea and whose pulse quickens at the sniff of pitch or tarpaulin and the savour of good hemp, home is on the water, and if possible actually floating.

Visit with us the boat, or rather craft—a keel-lined gaffy with double-reefed jiffer—of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley Cornsalad, tethered just off Blackspot By-pass in a reedy nook of the Reclamation Overflow, well out of the stream of the factory effluent.

T.V.'d in "Keyhole Camera" as the only all-aquatic couple drawing 2½ ft. of water, Mr. "Jack" Cornsalad proudly showed off his "Yellowcrome" stainless steel ship's bell (rung by clockwork cuckoo emerging from miniature crow's nest), the strong smell of tar (or something very like it), real rope in permanently ship-shape coils (stuck on with Yo-ho), a sail locker with a sort of sail or something in it, and a portrait of Captain Cook in the maid's bedroom.

Pleasing detail (*see inset*). Every morning (two bells) Mr. Cornsalad takes a bearing, plots course, and proves that his position is exactly 16¼ sea miles East North East by East of Lot's Road Power Station.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

upward mobility—the moving from a lower class to a higher one—was a relatively slow process, the penetration of the upper middle or upper classes usually taking more than one generation. Typically, a man of the middle or working classes made a fortune and provided his children with the type of education which would train them to move in a social class in which he and his wife would never be at ease. Both real life and fiction abound with examples; it was one of Thackeray's favourite themes (the Osbornes in *Vanity Fair* make all the points).

The 1944 Education Act, and its sequels, have enormously speeded up this process, so that the university education which was formerly the culmination of two or three generations of earnest striving on the part of the whole family, is now available to the sons (apparently much less to the daughters) of working-class families if they are bright enough, persistent enough and tough enough. Although higher social class has not been determined entirely by education in England, it is probably the single most important component of class position between the ranges of the upper working- and upper middle-classes, that is to say for something like a quarter of the English population; and anybody who completes a university education has the qualifications for a profession in which most of his colleagues will be of middle- or upper middle-class status.

These bright young working-class lads jump three or four social classes (in the English seven-class social hierarchy) in the second decade of their lives. At the end of that period their intellectual interests, their social horizons, and almost certainly their accent and vocabulary—the chief stigmata of social class—are much nearer to those of their fellow graduates than they are to those of their parents or their less bright brothers and sisters. But because this process of social mobility has started so relatively late (probably after the 11-plus examination) when the main lines of their character are already established, their emotional values, their type of sex identification and their patterns of domestic life are all rooted in the sub-culture of the English working class, nostalgically for Mr. Richard Hoggart, more or less defiantly for the heroes of the novels and plays I am discussing. They are, quite inevitably, divided men unless (as in *That Uncertain Feeling*) they decide to reject all the opportunities a grateful state has given them.

The further you go down the English social scale the greater the contrast made between the typical and expected behaviour, and even voice pitch, of male and female. It is very much easier for a working-class man to imperil his status as a male than it is for one of the upper middle-class. A light tenor voice, a la-di-da (B.B.C. standard English) accent, an extended vocabulary, restraint in the use of expletives, all carry the stigma of being cissy or pansy; and not one working man in a hundred but would be ashamed of being caught by a mate in doing the sort of housework and child-tending which is taken for granted by young fathers of the professional classes today.

In their secondary school days the future university students are likely to have undergone a good deal of mockery and self-questioning for their studious abstention from the pursuit of money and pleasure which their mates enjoy from the age of 15; and consequently they feel driven to emphasise their manliness in such ways as are open to them, perhaps by surliness or pugnacity, but certainly by frequent copulation or attempts thereat. There is no reason to suppose their physiological urges are stronger, or less strong, than those of their contemporaries who have not moved in social class; but their psychological urges are much more over-determined.

This is where the trap of hypergamy opens. Casual intercourse with tarts is likely to be inadequately satisfying (to say nothing of the expense). One wants to be able to talk to the girl as well; and girls still in the working-class have no conversation which is satisfying for any length of time to a newly-educated man. Presumably the happiest marry girls as mobile as themselves or foreigners, but they haven't so far written books or plays, or even appeared in them. The others get involved with upper middle-class girls, with the comically tragic results we read about.

The assured status of the upper middle-class girl is intellectually seen as desirable, indeed as an emotional reward for all the hard work, so that it would not be satisfactory if she abandoned her manners and habits and became a working-class wife; but the upper middle-classes and the working-classes have very different models of ideal masculine and feminine, husbandly and wifely behaviour, and each is seen as destructive to integrity and self respect by the member of the other sex and class. The working-class husband expects, and most of the time gets, far more service and subservience from his wife than does a man of the upper middle-class (whose wife would complain that she is being turned into a drudge); an upper middle-class wife gets far more consideration and physical help, where there is no money for servants, from her husband than does a woman of the working-class (whose husband would complain that he is being unmanned, turned into a cissy). If both are strong characters—and both are likely to be, the man to have fought his way to his present position, the girl to have defied conventions so far—conflict would appear theoretically almost inevitable; and the books and plays tell us what forms these conflicts take.

In this English pattern, there is a much better fit with female hypergamy, for both sexes feel themselves indulged; and, as far as I know, chorus girls were happy, and made their well-born husbands happy, in the old Gaiety days.

GEOFFREY GORER

The Arts and Entertainment

Acts of Violence

(Jean Genet's play The Balcony *had its world première at the Arts Theatre Club on April 22nd. To the inevitable "scandal" of the play itself was added a backstage row which the press sensationalised. Mr. Peter Zadek was the producer.)*

"IF you want Genet's genius," I was told by his translator in the midst of the conflagration, "you'll have to take his violence." At that precise moment Jean Genet was standing on the stage of the Arts Theatre, haranguing actors, stage staff, management, director, using some pretty choice adjectives and leaving us all wondering whether there would ever be a first night of *The Balcony*.

The violence of castration, rebellion, flagellation on the stage; the violence of the collision between author and director, between author and management; the violence of popular revulsion, of the sensation surrounding the opening night—all were subordinated to the violent clash, in real life, between fantasy and reality, both in the author's mind and, during every performance of the play, in the minds of the audience. For this "backstage row" (as the press dubbed it) had far deeper roots than disagreement over interpretation. Some critics complained that the production had "made the play obscene," others that it had "softened it." Whatever the truth of these comments, one thing is clear: Genet, whose main preoccupation is with the ambiguous boundary between fantasy and reality, had been disillusioned when he realised the distance separating his vision of the play from its realisation. Genet's whole life seems to repeat the pattern of the visionary who tries to make "his fantasy penetrate into the reality" of the world. But the world has always crucified visionaries, and "St. Genet" is no exception. And it is in the context of his whole life that last week he was barred from the first performance of his own play. Once again Genet had found the world lacking beside the purity of his own imagination. For him, his own perfect dream of *The Balcony* was reality, and in an effort to make this concrete, our reality, the production of the play on a stage, with actors, had to be sacrificed.

It is this complete inability to compromise with his vision that makes of Genet one of the few great poet-dramatists of our century. It may be uncomfortable to work with such a man, where normal standards of theatre suddenly cease to apply. And yet, when he demands five months' rehearsal, it seems petty to raise objections. After all, he seems quite reasonable when he tells one that no actor can learn to walk beautifully on 10-inch lifts (as they have to do in *The Balcony*) in four weeks. He is right, too, when he states categorically that the movement of the play requires a Grock in every role. One can also understand when Genet carries the Saint-criminal, good-evil paradox into the real world of the theatre and asks that "the play be performed with the solemnity of a mass in a cathedral" and, at the same time, that it be "vulgar, violent and in bad taste." It is on the theatrical realisation of this paradox that the difference over the production of *The Balcony* centred. Confronted by an interpretation not wholly his own, a violent outburst ensued. Its effect on production, actors, on the success or failure of the play was something Genet never considered. But this violence is inseparable from Genet's genius. Violence in his personal relationships, in the creation of beauty, in his attack on conventions. We have no choice but to accept it if we believe that Genet the artist has enough to offer.

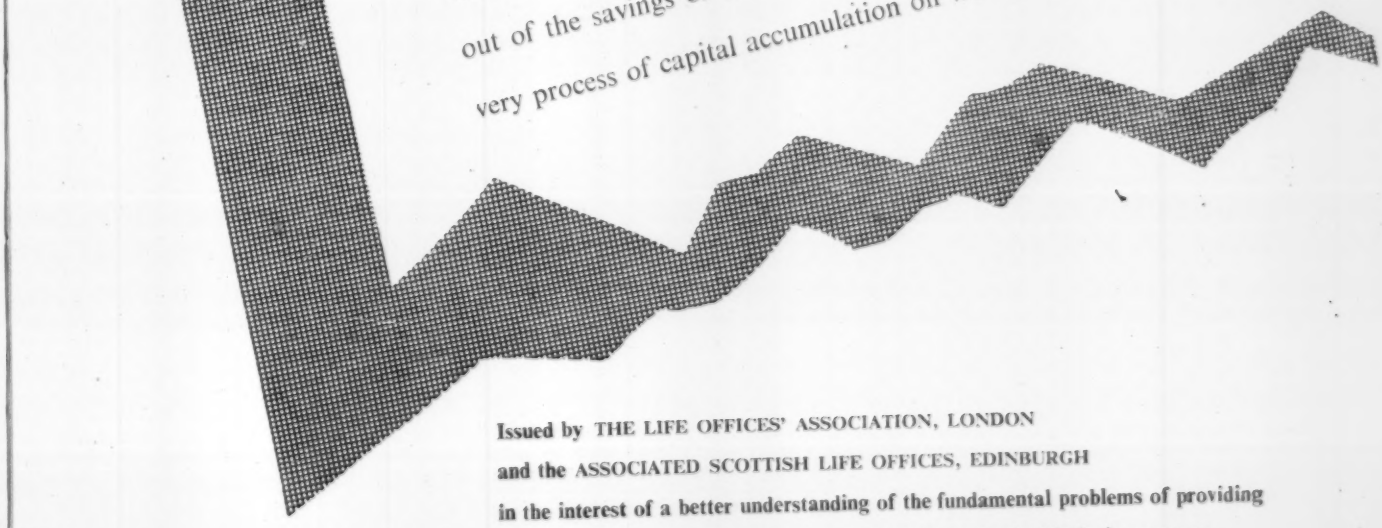
Genet's great importance in the theatre is his theatricality. He does not "use" the theatre to imitate the externals of our world; he shows us that our world is as fake as grease-paint itself, and that therefore the theatre can be the perfect mirror held up to the *danse macabre* which is life as Genet sees it. In other words, Genet's theatre at its best, abstract, stylised, deliberately stagy, comes closer to penetrating reality than the illusionist theatre ever did. In *The Balcony* and, to a lesser extent, in *The Maids*, Genet gives back to the theatre a vital quality which it has not had since the religious drama of the Middle Ages. He gives back the quality of ritual, of ceremony. He does not do this externally, as some twentieth-century verse drama has attempted to do, but by putting on the stage the very ceremonies, be they sexual or religious, that he sees being performed in real life. I have been asked on several occasions to explain what *The Balcony says*. It is not a play that *says*; it is a play that *sees*.

Genet's vision is never cosy—it never allows the audience to sit back and pass the time of day. The ceremony has the beauty and the terror of a black mass. We recognise our own predicament in the pathetic figure of the meter-collector who dreams of being a bishop, and, whether or not we like to admit it, his sexual frustrations are too near the knuckle to leave us very comfortable. The horrible farce of the Chief of Police who dreams of his statue in the form of a phallus, is never very far from the legend of Hitler eating carpets—a farce combined in reality with the

The following extract is from the Report of the Committee on the Economic and Financial Problems of the Provision for Old Age, 1954. Cmd. 9333. ("The Phillips Report"), Page 34.

Pensions and Capital Accumulation

128. It is evident that pensions are intimately linked with the whole process of capital accumulation and that the scale of pensions that can be contemplated depends, on the one hand on the enhancement of the country's productive power that would result from the building of additional capital assets, and on the other on the ease with which additional savings can be spared for this purpose. If the National Insurance Scheme were conducted on the same principles as a private scheme, then the investment of the contributions would enable valuable assets to be constructed that would eventually furnish the means out of which pensions could be paid. But the Scheme is heading for a deficit that will have to be met out of general taxation, and, to some degree, out of the savings of the taxpayer, so that it will actively impede the very process of capital accumulation on which, implicitly, it rests.



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in the interest of a better understanding of the fundamental problems of providing a higher level of retirement pensions without harm to the Nation's economy.

sadism of the concentration camp. In *The Balcony* we see acted out a legend, a ritual—but there can be no doubt that it is *our* legend, the ritual of *our* world.

I am not claiming that the play is faultless. Parts of the vast canvas are not completely integrated and M. Genet has told me that he will reconsider some of the second act for the Paris production. Nor do I wish to suggest that the present production at the Arts Theatre has succeeded in solving all the play's problems. It is certainly possible that in trying to stand between author and audience, the direction has been too greatly concerned in trying to make the play comprehensible to the latter. But *The Balcony* seems to me to point to a more profitable line of development for *new* and adventurous experiment in the theatre than the pseudo-*avant garde* writing of post-war English dramatists. *Cards of Identity*, which unfortunately lost itself in intellectual tomfoolery, was the only play produced by the English Stage Company that tried, imaginatively, to find new form for new content. Whereas our "angry young man" lacks precisely that quality which he spends so much time in publicising: anger, violence. He has quickly become respectable and therefore—a little boring? Or is it true to say that he has always been surreptitiously respectable? After all, he has confined himself mainly to social and to social-psychological protest, and even there has tended to reduce himself to the chairman of a private club whose insignia is the roll-neck sweater. Jimmy Porter's protest appeals only to those members of the audience who agreed with him before they ever saw *Look Back in Anger*. As for the opposition, Mr. Osborne's attack on society is sufficiently cosy for society to settle back in the stalls for a couple of hours of quiet masochistic pleasure. But, above all, theatrically speaking, Mr. Osborne has accepted Ibsen's realism and no amount of composite setting and broken walls will hide the fact.

Genet is as startling in his retention of some theatrical conventions as he is ruthless in his rejection of many others. His re-introduction of the cothurni of the Greek theatre, for instance, is powerful and completely successful. Above all, whatever he does he does wholeheartedly, violently, uncompromisingly. It is his courage that should inspire other dramatists and once the dust from the explosion of *The Balcony* has settled, it remains to be seen whether it will find an echo in English playwriting.

PETER ZADEK

Signs of Hope

THE current performances of Verdi's *Masked Ball* at Covent Garden are not only good in themselves, but encouraging for the future. Except on a few isolated occasions, the Italian wing of the theatre's repertory has hitherto been a little shabby. Its shabbiness was due to various causes, chief among them the want of a good tenor; and last Saturday this deficiency was handsomely met. Jon Vickers is a most valuable acquisition to the company. This young Canadian singer is not yet a world-shaking phenomenon—which is just as well, or he would soon be lured away. But he has the main qualities required by a leading Verdi tenor: a well-placed voice of robust and penetrating quality which does not tighten unpleasantly in the upper range; a good appearance; dramatic ability and stage presence; clear, incisive articulation. He has still much to learn: for instance, though he fully conveys the zest and high spirits of Gustavus III, he falls short in depicting the more regal attributes of the Swedish king. As a lover, in the big duet of the second act, he carried all before him by the sheer ardour of his singing; and it was noticeable what a difference his presence made to the Amelia of Amy Shuard, who has never before to my knowledge sung Verdi with so warm a tone or so pure a line.

Another promising debut was that of the Australian mezzo, Lauris Elms, as the fortune-teller. Miss Elms has not quite the dark, doom-laden tones required for the incantation scene; but she is an attractive and intelligent artist whom I look forward to hearing in other roles. Graziella Sciutti repeated her delightfully perky Oscar, which lacks nothing but sheer vocal brilliance at those sudden florid incursions into the tragic gloom. Thus the cast contained no serious weakness except the Anckarstroem of Jess Walters, whose voice, in its present thick and unwieldy state, is unsuitable to high-lying baritone music of this type. The truth is that Covent Garden still needs a Verdi baritone as badly as it has hitherto needed a Verdi tenor. On the other hand, in Edward Downes it has a conductor who has evidently acquired a marked sensibility for Verdi. The whole performance was idiomatically handled; indeed, both musically and dramatically, it compared favourably with the average non-gala performance which one sees in the big Italian opera houses. One odiously vulgar touch remains in the production: the moment when the chorus sway to and fro in time with the tenor's barcarolle in the witch's hovel, while one of their number listlessly swings a dead fish. Let this nuisance now cease.

The seventh programme in the LPO's "Music of a Century" cycle was also hopeful, because of the full house drawn by an entirely unconventional programme. The novel device of giving each concert a title seems to have drawn into the Festival Hall hundreds of listeners who are not regular concert-goers, and apparently the best-selling titles are those which promise plenty of punch, like "Strange Orchestras" and last Monday's "Primitive Strength." This programme consisted wholly of Slavonic or Magyar music, and included musical and reliable, if not very exciting, performances under the Hungarian conductor, Janos Ferencsik, of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Janacek's *Sinfonietta*. The rarity of the evening was Bartok's *Cantata Profana*, of which I found it hard to believe that this could be a representative account, so mildly did it emerge in English translation and with English vocal quality. The folk legend on which it is based seems curiously pointless; if the work is to make any effect it surely needs at least a wild and furious vigour in the central episode—in fact, just what the title of the concert had promised.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Two Narrative Plays

AMONG the heresies of the romantic view of art, the most often repeated theatrical one is that plays written specially for particular actors and actresses must be vulgar, and so bad (the artist must be free, etc., etc.). The reverse is, of course, as often true. The playwright can be as much stimulated by his material as a painter can, and in his material he includes the actors and actresses of his time, with their particular gifts and idiosyncrasies. From Shakespeare to Obey, playwrights have been set going by a particular group of actors and certain actors in that group, and have written their best for them. Mr. J. B. Priestley recently saw the actors at the Crest Theatre, Toronto, and was particularly struck by two brothers and a sister with a common quality of vivacity, and was impelled to write a play for them. The result is the interesting *The Glass Cage*, now to be seen at the Piccadilly.

The play is set in Toronto in 1906 in the house of a prosperous business man, David McBane, who is also a rabid amateur evangelist of the kind who will make the family fall on its knees there and then to ask God's blessing for some special occasion, and conducts public prayer-meetings in the large hall at the back of his house. The tensions in the household—which consists of his daughter, his brother and sister-in-law, and a young nephew destined for the priesthood—are clearly indicated as we wait with them for the arrival of the three grown-up children of David McBane's black-sheep brother. They make a striking entrance, these three outsiders with an obvious "taint" of their mother's Indian blood in their high cheekbones and slanted eyes. They are known to have had a "bad upbringing" and they are expected to feel shy and out of place in this large, heavy, prosperous house. And they fulfil the expectation. Introductions are sticky, conversation drags.

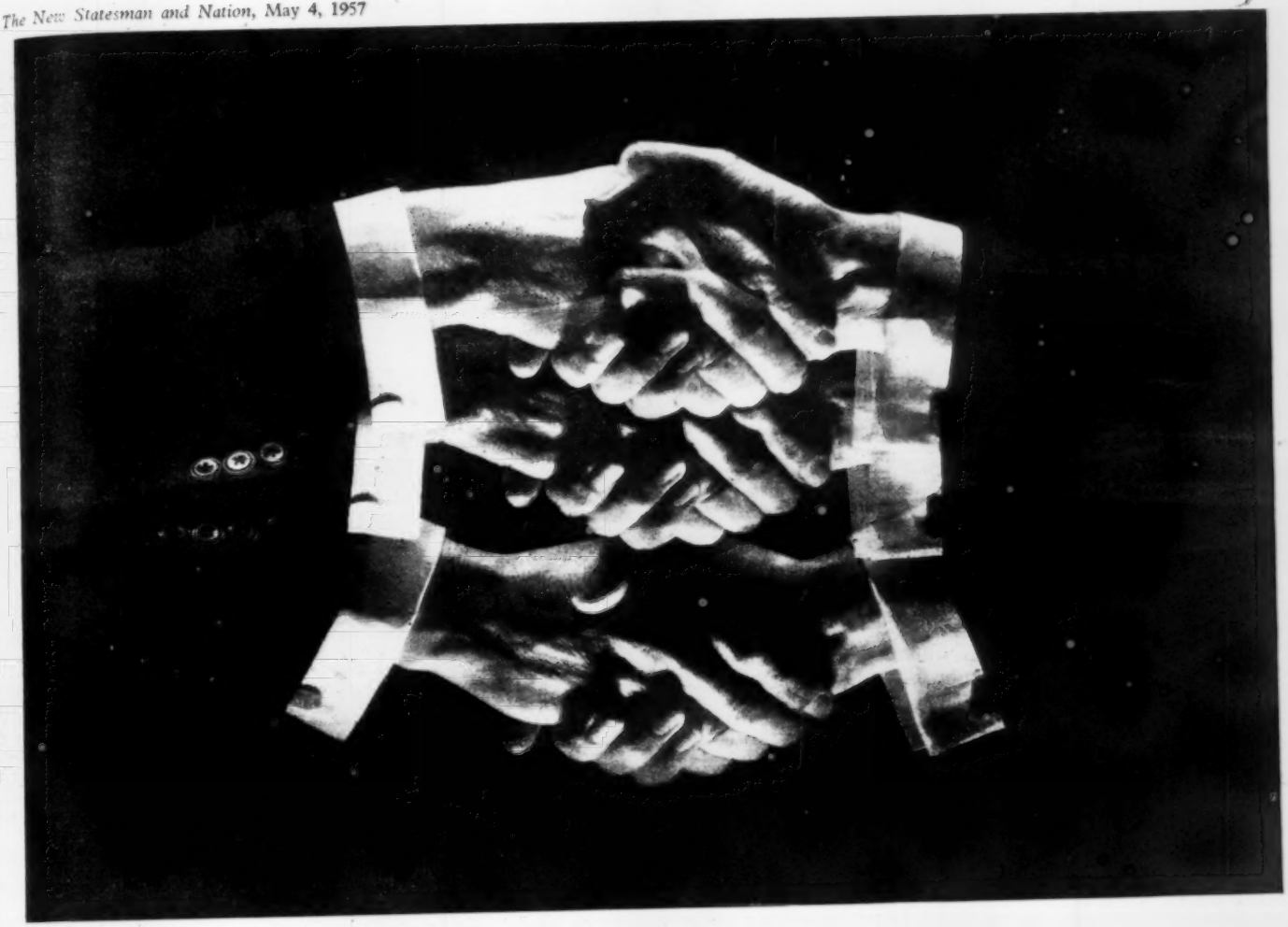
Then David McBane suggests a prayer; and while the family are on their knees, we see the three young people exchanging the sly smiles of self-confident conspirators.

The play would be entertaining enough, but conventional, if that were all there was to it, the impact on a stuffy, sheltered, late Victorian household of these young people with a lust for life and a wide experience of the wicked world. But Mr. Priestley is after bigger game. The young people have come armed with the claim that their father was swindled out of his inheritance and they mean to get their share. Their case, in the hands of the clever elder brother Douglas, is unanswerable. But one by one they begin to feel that the fight, as it prolongs itself, is not worth the cost. It comes to the sister, Jean, that their resentment and anger is poisoning the springs of vivacity by which they live. And slowly she converts the others to her view.

I am not sure that Mr. Priestley has quite succeeded in giving this change of heart a sufficient dramatic (as opposed to verbal) symbol. The change of heart is understandable in the sister and the younger brother, each with a fine jet of upsurging life in them in danger of being quenched. But when it comes to the more coldly calculating elder brother, we are not by any means completely convinced. But this is the very last turn of the story, and the journey up to it has been absorbing; for Mr. Priestley knows how to unpeel layer after layer of interest, each layer carrying us further into an understanding of his characters. This is—for a change from what we have lately been experiencing in the theatre—a strong narrative play, though this does not prevent it having, too, a solid core of criticism of life.

The play is excellently acted by a group who work together as a fine team. It is easy to see why he was attracted by the three principal players of the Crest Theatre. Miss Barbara Chilcott has a striking personality and appearance, hot, full-blooded, intense, and of her two brothers, Mr. Donald Davis gives a very vivid reading of an admirably written part and Mr. Murray Davis makes the more complex and inhibited elder boy extremely real. The production by Mr. Henry Kaplan seems to me to have one or two serious faults. It is strong but heavy, firm but static. It treats the play a little too solemnly. It muffs too much of Mr. Priestley's humour. It misses the easy flow which naturalism demands; it is too uniform in pace and emphasis. If Mr. Kaplan will allow his players now to relax within his production, it will improve the performance enormously.

The second production of the New Watergate Club at the Comedy Theatre is also a narrative play, the banned *Tea and Sympathy*. I am prepared in theory to go some way with those who dismiss this as a sentimental magazine story which dodges all the issues it raises. Yet I must confess that I found its impact in the theatre strong and moving. It is a play which was written in the climate of McCarthyism and draws its particular poignancy (whether deliberately or incidentally I am not quite sure) from that fact. The smear that is plastered here is the smear of homosexuality on a boy in an American private school. (Private schools seem to change in essentials much less than one had thought during the years.) The school is a particularly hearty one and the boy's housemaster is a particularly hearty housemaster, while the father is one of those "old boy" fathers whose sole ambition for his son is that he should be a "regular guy." Tom Lee fails to qualify. He wears his hair rather long and likes music, and is encouraged in this taste by an "undesirable"



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master, and it is unlucky that he has agreed just at this moment to play Lady Teazle in the school play. The witch hunt is on. This is a situation not unfamiliar to readers of our public school fiction and Mr. Robert Anderson does not add anything particular to it. He is not fighting the homosexual's cause: the boy is quite normal: the smear is unjustified. It is a simple play, if you like, but with its heart in the right place—against conformism, against the bullies, against the smear. It is also an extremely neat, economic piece of play-making, with very little waste in it. The author has the capacity to crystallise a situation into a tense, condensed scene—as, for instance, that one in which the boy's room-mate is shamefacedly trying to explain why he is leaving the room the next term. And Mr. John Fernald has produced it with a very sensitive feeling for these qualities.

It is ably acted; Miss Elizabeth Sellars has the difficult role of the housemaster's wife who deplores what is happening, perceives that her husband is in his over-heartiness compensating a suppressed homosexuality in himself, and finally goes to bed with the boy to restore his shattered confidence. Miss Sellars, in a really touching performance, was equal to all these demands. Mr. Tim Seely played the boy with a delicate and shy awkwardness which exactly suited the part.

The Old Vic is bound, in pursuit of its objective of presenting all the plays in the first folio, to produce the bestial and beastly *Titus Andronicus*—and that in competition, so to speak, with the Peter Brook-Olivier Stratford production which just reconciled us to its horrors. In the circumstances, the Old Vic do very well. Mr. Walter Hudd's no-nonsense production is played straightforwardly out at the audience: Mr. Derek Godfrey as Titus holds the part firm. Drastically cut, the play is given in a double bill with *Comedy of Errors*: a double catch for collectors.

T. C. WORSLEY

Drambuie

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Derain and Buffet

BECAUSE we have come to take it for granted that (as Lawrence Gowing was saying in these columns a fortnight ago) the paintings of a twentieth-century artist mean more seen in series than seen singly, the initial impact of the Derain exhibition at Wildenstein's is likely to be disappointing. So long as we register the effect of a roomful or a wall of these paintings, there is something wrong, something missing. They are clearly the products of a highly intelligent, distinguished, inquiring mind with great ability and dexterity at its command, but they don't give—in either sense of the phrase. They are like paintings of paintings, or something; at any rate they provoke respect but not involvement. We have to concentrate entirely and exclusively on each separate picture in turn before it discloses anything. It is then that these paintings become beautiful, profoundly beautiful, with the dry, precise, ungratuitous beauty of a Chardin or an early Corot.

Significantly, this need to take in Derain's pictures one at a time applies only to the neo-traditional works: the *fauve* works, where Derain is still a "modern" artist, help one another and need one another as twentieth-century paintings generally do. It is a pity that the hanging of the show at Wildenstein's prevents them from helping one another as they should: one remembers with regret the superb cumulative effect of the long wall of *fauve* pictures in the Derain exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier in Paris two years ago. A similar effect might have been achieved at Wildenstein's if they had not hung the exhibition higgledy-piggledy as the result of crowding it into something less than their available gallery-space. It is sad that they have not achieved it because it is necessary to establish the unity and the mastery of Derain's early work as a background to the diversity and the tentativeness of his later, and greater, work.

Derain reacted against his own early work as comprehensively as a young artist will react against the artists of his father's generation, and for the same reason—that he felt that what had been done was not enough, that it was too easy to do. But what, in his chosen isolation, was he to do? Denys Sutton, in his preface to the catalogue, tells an illuminating story. "He once said that everyone ought to find the wine that suits him; a wine exists for every palate. 'Have you found yours?' he was asked. 'No,' was the reply." It was the same with his painting, and remained so to the end.

His eclecticism, indeed, has been the main pretext for the critical denigration he has suffered since the Twenties. This is surprising, in view of the universal approbation given to Picasso's eclecticism. It is also sickening, in view of the absence from Derain's eclecticism of the frivolousness and clever-cleverness of Picasso's. Derain never adopted a style (not in his paintings, though he may have done in his theatre designs) because he wanted to play games with it, caricature it, exercise his muscles with it. The reason for his eclecticism can be found, I think, by considering the style of each picture in relation to its subject-matter: the style is always a style appropriate to the particular subject in hand. It was not a question of copying, emulating or exploiting a given style for style's sake; it was a question of finding an adequate language to convey a given reality. This, perhaps, is why the pictures make their point only when isolated.

Whether the present exhibition helps to restore Derain to favour will be a matter of interest but not of importance. For Derain has not lacked the kind of admirers who count. The homage of a hundred thousand tourists is not worth the admiration of a single younger artist of real talent, and Derain won the admiration of a whole group of outstandingly gifted younger artists—Gruber and Giacometti and Balthus and Tal Coat. The notion that he became isolated and neglected is belied in the best possible way by the palpable influence he had upon their work.

And Derain begat Gruber, and Gruber begat Buffet. One of the differences between art and life is that in art it's not your fault if you beget Buffet, now showing at Tooth's, is, of course, only one among many young French painters who have taken over Gruber's personal mannerisms, but none of the others has half as much talent and none of them has travestied Gruber half as ruthlessly and systematically. System, indeed, is the key-word in describing Buffet's craft. He is like those computing-machines which, once adjusted to deal with certain material in a given way, know exactly how to deal with what is fed to them. He is therefore the perfect antithesis to Derain: so far from finding every picture a fresh problem, he has an amazing gift for spreading himself very, very thinly, getting an incredible number of pictures out of each of his ideas (one pot of fish-paste to a large sliced loaf). This can be endearing in a Jean-Gabriel Domergue, but an artist who chooses to make life look grim needs to put some intensity into it. In the present exhibition, the lack of intensity shows above all in the townscapes, views of Paris bereft of any animate being. The appropriate effect would be an atmosphere of desolation, either sinister or sad. The actual effect is simply that these are back-drops for a puppet theatre and that the streets are uninhabited because the figures have not yet appeared on the scene. In this case, presumably, the expected puppets are the customers.

There is one good painting in this exhibition—No. 4, *Fleurs jaunes, vase blanc et rouge*. The remaining twenty-two are not bad, any more than they are good: they are just nothing. It is not the pictures themselves that are distasteful but the idea of how they are done.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Astaire

EVERY Spring there is, or should be, an Astaire film. Who else could flash on us like swallow or cuckoo, and as the years go by, is there not something miraculous in this rebirth so light and unexpected? I certainly hadn't been looking forward to it, and *Funny Face* took me by surprise on a morning of exceptional fineness. Outside all was, in the London manner, appealing; the sun shone through half-leaved trees into Espresso bars, road-drills thrummed, traffic drowsed, a bobby stared down into some new building site, and there were trails in a pale blue sky. Not the moment for huddling into the dark. But a film critic's routine makes him unflinching. Cheesecake may be his at the hour when he would prefer croissants; he will have witnessed naval battles before the pubs open; campus jokes, British musicals, and Mr. Alan Ladd will leave him with appetite unimpaired for lunch. It won't even bother him if at lunch someone should say that the film critic's isn't a job at all, or alternatively, that it is quite unthinkable. His compensations are, in fact, many and unpredictable: on a Monday morning, returning from the Cotswolds, I found Fred Astaire at the Odeon.

I don't know that *Funny Face* will rank very high in the Astaire cycle as such: his part is a little too straight, there's too much competition from outside (including a wide screen with other ideas), he is on and off for quite a long time before he dances at all, and then doesn't dance nearly enough. But I'm not complaining. That "elfin charm" circulates; agelessness even finds a youthful partner in Audrey Hepburn; there are glossy bits of satire and such old catches on the breeze as—(take it slow)—

"'s wonderful,
's marvellous,
That you should care for me—"

and, no question, 's marvellous it is. I'm not sure whether one's memories don't add wings to a dance solo, two or three songs, and a *pas de deux* in a wedding pastoral; but there the old charm is, irresistible. As for Miss Hepburn, I've almost got used to falling for her under any circumstances, and do again, because anything she may

lack in pure dance she makes up in ingenious display, smile, and eyes. It was more than a bright idea to bring them together. A wide screen can do with two rather unlike; and there is quite a lot of fun about a fashion magazine, existentialism, Paris, and *haute couture*. He is a photographer, she an always disappearing model. The plot may not be too well managed, but otherwise Stanley Donen, directing, has used his two radiant particles and a wide colour screen with effect.

The second film at the Academy—*The Lost Continent* being the first—makes a visit there quite imperative. *Amici per la pelle* (*Friends for Life*) has nearly all the virtues of Italian neo-realism and few of its defects. Its tale of schoolboy friendship may seem slender in action, but its continuity is from life and it matches sympathy with observation to a degree unknown to British film-makers. The schooldays here *are* schooldays, with the attachments, rivalries, sneakings, jealousies that actually arise. Few films have got the schoolroom atmosphere so without caricature, and the odd larkings and tensions extend through street wanderings and into homes. The performances by the two boys are such as we have learnt to expect from this school (of film-making), and the director, Rossi, has a rare touch of incidental conviction which yet never loses hold of the invisible thread. If I had to choose films for a desert island, this is one—mild, unemphatic though it is—I should hate to leave out. It has no false note, hardly a dumb-one.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Exclusive Galaxy

AFTER a week's, or an evening's, intensive viewing, the mind is subject to "the reign of chaos and old night." From this murky, clangorous, overpopulated inferno, one or two faces or personalities swim momentarily into one's full consciousness, as Paolo and Francesca paused within earshot of Dante before resuming their eternal gyrations.

Remarkably few of these faces or personalities stay in the mind's eye for longer than it would take one to wink, or to wince; but the catalogue of stayers is as constant as it is brief, and the viewer, surprisingly, is not so fickle in his preferences as the nature of the medium might tempt him to be. With *What's My Line?* off, Lady Barnett is now an afternoon delicacy, enjoyed only by the million or so viewers of *Mainly for Women;* but her crisp, authoritative charm lingers in the memory long after the latest blonde cutie has sunk into her proper limbo. Gilbert Harding, recuperating at Brighton, need have no fear that his adorers or his haters will abandon their allegiance to him, even if he does nothing more strenuous for the present than chairing a sound-radio quiz: his gusto and pungency are as "unforgettable, unforgotten" as the river-smell at Grantchester, and the decline of *Twenty Questions* on TV in his absence was steep. Sir Mortimer and Dr. Daniel are still going it, indeed, in *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* With Professor Ayer on *The Brains Trust* and Mr. Taylor in *Free Speech*, no viewer can have any excuse for thinking that all dons are "remote and ineffectual." In association with them, from time to time, are others firmly established in this short list, such as Betjeman, Foot and Boothby.

But the non-viewing reader of television criticism must tire of the constant reiteration of these names, and of others equally eminent but in a different TV category—Robin Day, Mayhew, Chataway. Are there no new "personalities" coming up? The answer is that there are very few of whom one could say with certainty that they will be on the TV short list of five years hence. There are a good many competent middle-graders: higher promotion is not easily won. Candidates for such promotion include:

(1) *Ludovic Kennedy.* Many ITN viewers like him best of all the newscasters. He is less astringent than Robin Day, and gives an agreeable impression of not really caring whether he casts the

THE PLIGHT OF THE ARAB REFUGEES

THERE ARE SOME who are still capable of feeling, beneath the statistics of mass misery, the sufferings, as if in their own persons, of so many human beings like themselves. It is to all such that we appeal: we beg them to assist, by specific action and at once, in alleviating the dreadful plight of the Arab refugees.

This misery, involving 900,000 persons (half of them aged less than fifteen), has continued now for nine years. "One marvels" a Christian body reports "that human beings can stand such tension over such a long period of time. Their morale is deteriorating and increasing numbers reveal psychopathic conditions". UNRWA, with its meagre resources (£10 a head a year), has managed, by doling out a bare subsistence ration, to keep most of the refugees alive: it has been able to do little else.

In particular, there is a dreadful shortage of clothes: supplies are insufficient to allow one garment per year per person. Such a situation is wretched anyhow, but during winter (sometimes exceptionally severe in parts of the Middle East) it must be all but unendurable – especially in the mud huts, canvas tents, caves, and shanties in which so many of the refugees must live their lives.

UNRWA writes to us that rolls of cloth, which the refugees could themselves make up into clothes, are above all required. We want money, and a lot of it, for buying and shipping these rolls; for buying baby-food at preferential rates; and for many other purposes. For instance: The Oxford Famine Relief Committee, with which we are co-operating, has been providing blankets knitted by women's institutes, etc. But they are hampered by lack of wool, and have a long waiting-list of knitters anxious to begin: so that funds for buying this wool at special rates would be immensely beneficial. "A woollen blanket of bright colours is of great spiritual value", writes a relief worker on the spot. "It fills the children with joy and their mothers with gratitude. By giving a child such a blanket of his own he need no longer share his mother's or brother's cover in the severe cold in a tent or mud hut, where there is no heating whatever."

Please send your maximum contribution to The Treasurer, Jewish Society for Human Service, 14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2. And please do so immediately. "During more than fourteen years with prisoners of war and refugees," writes a Christian observer, "I have never seen people living under such destitute and inhuman conditions."

We make this appeal as Jews, out of a deep concern for the plight of our Arab brethren; but it is to every Englishman, whatever his faith or creed, that we address it.

For the Jewish Society for Human Service,

VICTOR GOLLANCZ, *Chairman*
H. F. RUBINSTEIN, *Hon. Treasurer*

news correctly or not. (But he ought to take care that this is only an impression: he fluffs his words rather often on his off days, and you can tell at once, by his grimmer demeanour, when one of his days is off.) Day, in any case, has been roving of late. His *Roving Report* is sometimes very good (as it was on America). On Cyprus I found it a little disappointing, chiefly because of the persons interviewed, other than Makarios and Harding.

(2) *Cliff Michelmore*. The BBC's 6.5 p.m. weekday programme, *Tonight*, gives him more scope than *Highlight* did, and he is worthy of it. No other TV performer has grown so rapidly. Whether he is coping with a technical breakdown or introducing three kittens born in a coal-bucket on Ash Wednesday, his aplomb is unshakeable.

(3) *Noele Gordon*. She, too, has the aplomb and versatility that a *compère* needs, and holds together and strengthens by her cheerful personality what might otherwise be a jejune midday programme on ITV, *Lunch Box*.

(4) *Reginald Bosanquet* is making good progress as an ITN interviewer—less frightening than Day, probably, to the world's statesmen in and out of London Airport, but relentless in his quieter way. The same goes for (5) *George Ffitch* (reporting from Malaya this week), who is handicapped only by his youthful appearance—a defect presumably, like youth itself, curable.

(6) *Richard Baker*, least pompous of BBC newscasters, was allowed really to open out for the first time last Sunday—a welcome symptom of greater informality in BBC news-presentation.

In naming these few potential recruits to the short list, I have deliberately avoided two kinds of performers—those who appear on TV only occasionally, such as Dr. Donald Soper (whose voice and manner alone, as displayed in his dealing with hecklers, most of them apparently genuine, in ITV's *About Religion* last Sunday, would put him in the top class if he were a regular), and those with already established reputations in show-business, since these cannot be considered primarily TV artists. Flora Robson, for instance, is as commanding and as capable of the highest tragedy on TV as on the stage; the plays in which she appears do not always extend her sufficiently. The most dynamic and mobile new figure in "light entertainment" is that of Shirley Bassey, a coloured singer from Cardiff. I saw her first in *The Jack Jackson Show*; then, in the (exquisite) flesh, at the Café de Paris. Since then she has learned a lot at Las Vegas, and starred stunningly in last Sunday night's Palladium show. David Nixon, his BBC conjuring series done, was also in this show. He is deservedly popular: his manner is light and pleasant (though I do not care for his laugh, a kind of falsetto whinny).

I am not sure how to classify Jacqueline Mackenzie, who won sudden fame for her miming in *Highlight*. (She imitated objects, such as flowers or furniture, as well as people.) She seems to me to be miscast as the "defending counsel" in *State Your Case*, a ridiculous and irritating, but viewable, ITV programme in which three people in turn say why they want £100 and what they would do with it. Some of the claims seem dubious, some are corny (these usually win the viewers' vote). Miss Mackenzie has to back each claimant against the insinuating and carping attacks of a "prosecuting counsel," Simon Kester; but, though he is the obvious and intended villain of the show, she is becoming so aggressive and sometimes so downright rude to the suaver Mr. Kester that she may well end up less popular than he. (Remember Harding: viewers like curmudgeons, but not, I think, female scolds.)

* * *

Under Milk Wood is to be done on BBC TV on Thursday next. Originally written for sound-radio, it should televise admirably. By contrast, *Red Roses For Me*, which listeners can hear on the Third this Sunday at 6, is almost certainly more suitable for sound than for TV: its central "transformation-scene" would be inadequate visually without colour, and is best left to the listeners' imagination, stimulated by O'Casey's lyrical and lilting prose.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

SIR,—The letters that Hyman Levy has received from disillusioned ex-Communists may be enough to "wring tears from a heart of stone"; but his own article, with its remorseless obliquity, is surely enough to make the angels weep. In spite of everything, whilst pathetically asking how the great betrayal came about, he pleads for a "genuinely" Marxist party. Cannot he even now realise that it was precisely firm belief in a Marxist philosophy that provided the framework for Stalinist terror? The combination of 19th-century historicism, the belief that one has a "scientific" understanding of society, a morality defined as that which advances the interests of the working class, how could these heady brews have any other effect?

On Professor Levy's own terms, Gollan is right and he is wrong. He has "given up his loyalty to the working class" because the Marxist defines the terms "loyalty" and "working class" in a very special way. Professor Levy's agony has come about because for the first time apparently in a long life he has had the opportunity of contrasting these technical terms with the realities to which they allegedly refer. (Exploitation is another prime example, the Marxist bringing all the indignation rightly felt against the state of affairs that the word in its usual sense describes, to bear against any return whatever on capital.) Is it too late to beseech him to pursue his researches further, and consider the light that logical analysis has thrown on Marx's terminology and that psychology has thrown on the lust for power?

2 Guilford Street, W.C.1. PATRICK HUTBER

SIR,—It is wrong to say that "the revolt in the British Communist Party is over." On the contrary. The party congress has revealed its remarkable strength. In spite of the defection of 7,000 critics, and in spite of a mechanism of Congress preparation which certainly did not assist the opposition, the following facts are now evident.

First, that an opposition of anything up to 20 per cent. of the delegates existed. This is best measured in terms of the elections for the new Executive and Appeals Committee. The maximum vote for a candidate was 535. The most popular of the existing party leaders, Abe Moffat, received 42 less than this maximum, Pollitt received 70 less, J. R. Campbell (the *Daily Worker* editor) 91 less, and two officials against whom criticism has been particularly strong—John Mahon and George Matthews—120 and 125 less than the "monolithic" maximum. The "loyal" pro-Executive vote may be measured another way, by counting the votes received by the new candidates put on the "panel" by the old Executive, but virtually unknown to the rank-and-file of Congress. The bulk of these received between 434 and 443 votes, or roughly a hundred less than the maximum. Conversely Brian Behan, whom the old Executive had demonstratively not renominated, received 188 votes. Professor Levy received 100, in spite of a speech which, whatever else one may think of it, seemed to be designed to evoke the maximum response of loyalty—and in labour organisations this is very great—among all but the most extreme oppositionists. Though the votes of other opposition candidates have not been published, there is good reason to believe that they were surprisingly high.

Second, that the opposition is not, as the old Executive liked to claim, confined to intellectuals. I doubt whether there are 20 branches in the country with an intellectuals' majority. The size of the opposition is, therefore, a reflexion of the uneasiness among working-class Communists, and it is typical that some of the most critical speeches came from delegates with industrial and trade union experience, such as Behan and McLoughlin.

The total absence of "faction work" or preliminary organisation among the oppositionists make this result all the more impressive. It is abundantly clear that the Communist Party is not monolithic at present, and that in one form or another the struggle to make it into an effective force in British politics will go on within it. Under the circumstances nothing is more undesirable than for other Socialists to appeal to opposition Communists to abandon their party. If any course of action can permanently turn the party into a sectarian rump, and deprive the Labour movement of the energy, devotion and disinterestedness of some thousands of good men and women, who have individually and collectively much to contribute to it, it is an appeal to stop fighting for reform within the Communist Party and to leave it *en masse*. Nothing could suit the King Street diehards better.

You will understand why I can only sign myself

"COMMUNIST."

STRONTIUM 90

SIR,—The report of the Atomic Scientists' Association's Committee on strontium hazards is so important that it is a pity you have not studied it more carefully. Apart from errors of fact about the contents of the report, your comment last week misses its main significance. The signatories, being scientists and not politicians, have defined their assumptions and qualified their findings with scrupulous care and so they are by no means as dogmatic as you have implied. On the contrary, they insist that "the evidence is as yet inconclusive." No doubt the government will make the most of this and the layman may feel even more bewildered. But what matters is this: a body of scientists of high repute have been so anxious about the growing danger of cancer from radioactive strontium produced in H-bomb tests, and about the use which the government has made of the report last year by the Medical Research Council, that they have set up their own committee to "follow up the implications" of the the latter "in the light of more recent information." Two of the members of the Association's committee, Professors Haddow and Penrose, were also signatories of the M.R.C. report; and they have now joined in repudiating the government's assertion that there is a "threshold" dose of strontium 90 below which no ill-effects are caused. As recently as April 1 last, Mr. Macmillan was insisting in the Commons that "the average levels of strontium 90 at present measured in human bone in the United Kingdom are . . . 100 times less than what, in the view of the Medical Research Council, is the maximum allowable concentration in bodies of individuals of the population." In so doing he has subtly distorted the M.R.C.'s argument and conveniently ignored the detailed analysis of strontium hazards in the appendix to the M.R.C. report, in which Messrs. Mayneord and Mitchell dismiss the threshold theory and assert that "on the whole, the experiments seem in favour of a proportionality between the frequency of tumours produced in a given length of time and the amount of radio-active material in the body even at low dose levels." So strongly are the Association now prepared to back their assumption that they have worked out the actual figures of the relation between the dose and the number of bone cancers caused by it; and if the government rejects these figures (as Mr. Selwyn-Lloyd did in his infamous broadcast in "Woman's Hour" the other day) it is in effect rejecting the implications of its own official report and is out on a purely propaganda limb of its own choosing. The very caution of the Association in not overstating its case (and it admits that it may have underestimated the danger) lends added weight to its anxieties. The government for its part just does not care.

House of Commons. BARBARA CASTLE

SIR,—Your comments on the recent report of the Committee of the Atomic Scientists Association on strontium hazards contains a few inaccuracies which, I hope, you will permit me to correct.

1. Our estimate of the possible number of casualties refers to bone cancer and not to leukæmias. We stated explicitly that we have not enough data to calculate the possible number of leukæmias.

2. Our calculations show that a nuclear bomb of the type used in Bikini 1954 may cause one cancer in 125,000 people and not in 1,000 people.

3. We did not say that these numbers of cancers will actually occur, but that they might occur if there exists a proportional relationship between cancer incidence and radiation dose. We stressed the point that the evidence is as yet inconclusive.

Physics Department, J. ROTBLAT
St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

INDIA AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—Rajagopalachari's letter about the H-Bomb comes as a surprise. His morality is, as usual, impeccable. His silence on a vital point is puzzling. Certainly he is aware that the present British government do not propose to stop their "test" because they believe such unilateral abandonment would be suicidal. This is not the gambler's instinct but the instinct of self-preservation. You may not agree with what it says but you must face the fact that this is what is operating. I believe in so doing you will automatically modify any tone of high moral indignation which you may otherwise be tempted to adopt. After all, we in India are at present engaged in a wretched arms race with one of our neighbours. I for one am glad that we cannot afford the atom-bomb.

And I confess I do not know how by remaining in the Commonwealth we "share the guilt of a crime whose magnitude can only be guessed." I feel rather uncomfortable when I think if Mr. Rajagopalachari is right we have already shared the crime of Suez and share everyday the crime of apartheid.

Fitzwilliam House, ASHIN DAS GUPTA
Cambridge.

THE BRITISH TESTS

SIR,—Your London Diary of April 20 erred in stating that the forthcoming hydrogen bomb tests would take place not at Christmas Island, but at the (New Zealand) island of Penrhyn, a thousand miles away. This is not the case.

New Zealand's part in the test—and thus Penrhyn Island's—is confined to providing meteorological and other facilities which will assist the many precautionary measures being taken by the United Kingdom authorities. Penrhyn Island will play a part in these precautionary measures. It will be used in connection with the collection of weather and other scientific data before and after the tests.

A small party will live on the island for a few months. They will be accommodated on unused ground and will provide their own food and water. Thus they will not disturb the life of the islanders or make any inroads upon their limited resources. So that supplies can be flown in to the party, the airstrip which was built in the last war has been made usable again: perhaps it was news of this which set off a rumour that Penrhyn Island was to be the scene of the tests.

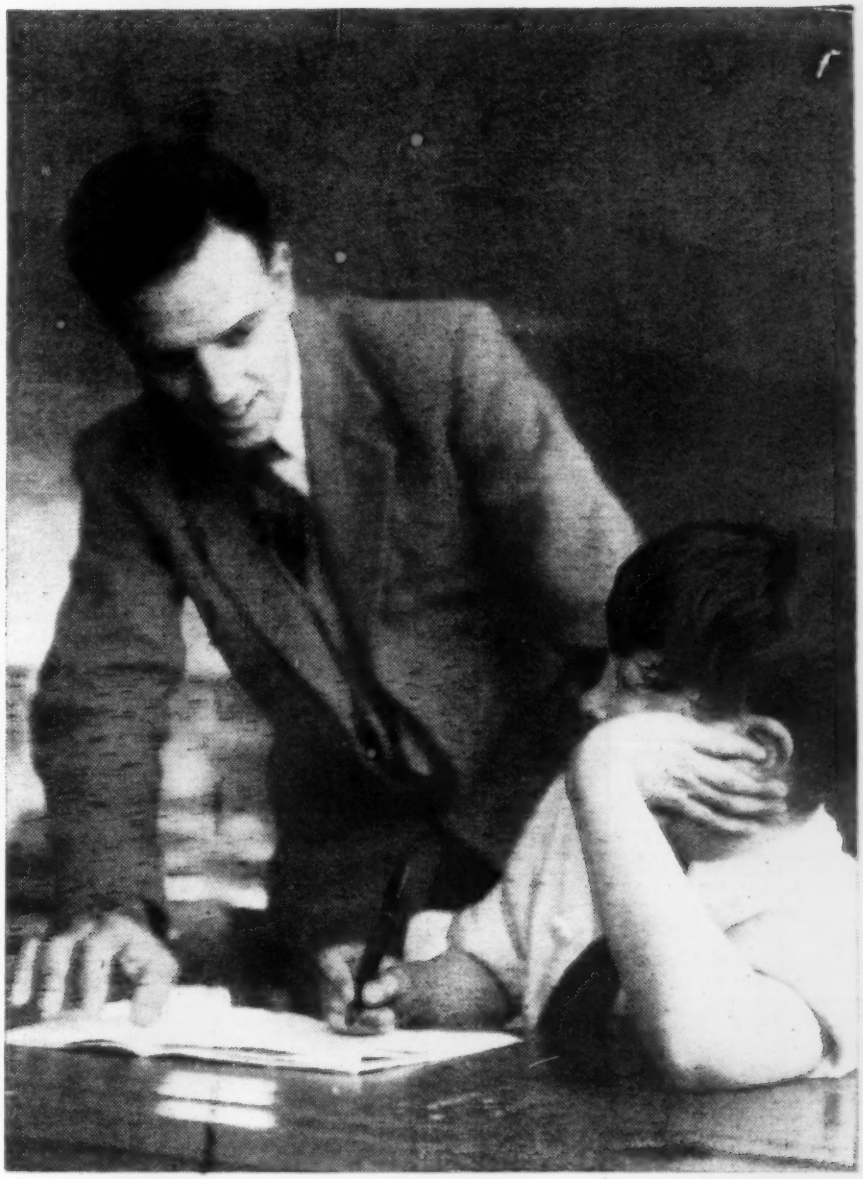
New Zealand House, A. T. CAMPBELL
415 Strand, W.C.2. *Public Relations Officer*

THE ENTERTAINER

SIR,—In his perceptive and sympathetic notice of Mr. John Osborne's new play, *The Entertainer*, Mr. T. C. Worsley seems to me to make one grievous error of judgment and criticism when he says: "Grandad, in spite of all the resources of the resourceful Mr. George Relph, is, frankly, a purely conventional character, who easily, and indeed very early, becomes a bore. The long opening scene between him and the daughter is so much waste."

I know I am not alone in thinking this performance not merely resourceful, but a stupendous joy to watch and listen to. A complete personality, a new-old friend, a bore only to his relatives, was given to us in those too few minutes. He sharpened expectancy and set the mood and meaning for all that was to follow.

Mr. Worsley then continues: "The necessary information in it could be conveyed by any competent working dramatist in a page of dialogue." It is precisely because "competent working dramatists" have been *conveying* "necessary information" *on* that page of dialogue year after year after year—planting, plotting, contriving by conventional and artificial means—that the average British audience



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has become incapable of listening to human speech, ideas, or another person's thoughts without the stimulus to attention of exits and entrances, new introductions, doors opening, bells ringing and countless signposts to plot and narrative. It is not easy, it is even dangerous, for an actor in England to distil the essence of a personality, and the intention of a dramatist, before an audience when that personality has the likeness and the memories of Grandad. Also, Mr. John Osborne's "clichés" are surely Grandad's clichés, an old pro. in his anecdotage mourning in moments of sheer poetry over the memory of cheese scattered on the breakfast bacon and of a woman descending from her carriage.

As Mr. Worsley so rightly says, Sir Laurence Olivier's performance as Archie Rice "is a virtuoso turn." It makes the heart glow to watch and listen to this inspired performance.

Nevertheless the beginning of Archie Rice is Grandad, and the end of Grandad, buried beneath the boards, is the end of Archie Rice, and the end of the play.

50 Gordon Square, W.C.1. BEATRIX LEHMANN

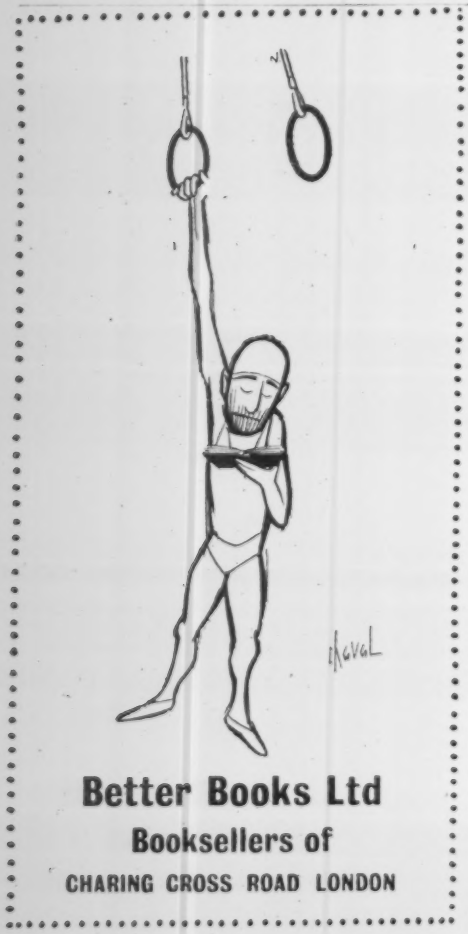
AFRICANS AND SETTLERS

SIR,—I have just returned from Central Africa, and am amused by the comment of Polycritic in your issue of April 20 regarding the "rough treatment" of myself by the white settlers of the Federation. It is true that Sir Roy Welensky publicly attacked me in an amazing outburst more fitting a backbencher than the Prime Minister; but I gave as good as I got and after all politicians must not be too thin-skinned! However, I suffered no personal discourtesy, and in some places, where there was no colour bar, such as the expensive Ridgeway Hotel, Lusaka, Mr. Nkumbula (Congress President), Mr. Kaunda (Congress Secretary) and I ate together, and we travelled in planes together in the Territory. I would not like you to think that all Labour M.P.s are automatically unwelcome—the settlers are scared of us, but will listen to what we have to say. For instance, I was invited to speak at a European luncheon club at Mufilira on the Copper Belt, and there was some straight talking on both sides. I spoke to a capacity audience in the Cathedral Hall, Salisbury, at a public meeting of Europeans and Africans organised by the Inter-Racial Association. I was alternately heckled and applauded, but met little opposition when I said that I expected both Legislative Councils in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to have African-elected majorities in the 1960s. Of course, nearly all my time was spent with Africans.

With regard to the café incident involving Harry Nkumbula, this scandalous affair took place in a small milk-bar, open to the street. There was no hatch; in fact hatches have practically disappeared since the successful African boycott. I was not present, but as soon as I heard the facts from Mr. Nkumbula, I interviewed the District Commissioner and the Superintendent of Police. But here again may I add something? The more alarming aspect of the affair, which you do not mention, is that Mr. Nkumbula alleged physical ill-treatment later at the police-station. This was denied officially by a senior police spokesman; but the following morning Lawrence Katilungu, the Mine Workers' leader, and myself, advised Mr. Nkumbula that as President General of the Congress, it was his duty to send an official statement to the Commissioner of Police for Northern Rhodesia at Lusaka. I understand that there is a docket of the case there, and it is my intention to bring the matter to the personal attention of Mr. Lennox-Boyd.

I am, as you say, an "apostle of co-operation," as are Dr. Alexander Scott and Sir John Moffat, the leading federal M.P.s of Northern Rhodesia, and also Harry Nkumbula, and the Northern Rhodesia African Congress leaders. They are prepared to work with the Governor and the Europeans in the Legislative Council to gain all constitutional advance possible before the 1960 conference, so that they will be in a more powerful position then to fight for African interests. This is what I desire.

House of Commons. JAMES JOHNSON



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THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLISHING

SIR,—By putting words into my mouth in order to demolish them, Mr. Elek uses the oldest of debating devices, and I would not seek to justify anything which he says I said.

Had he a little more experience he would not, however, go on and be tempted to deduce that anybody having a business slightly larger than his own has to take books "under the pressure of their own printing presses." Anyone who attempted to do that would sooner or later find himself without either a list or a printing press.

His other point is very simply answered. The area of distribution is circumscribed by the number of retail units through which the ultimate sale of the commodity, i.e., the book, is effected. A publishing company which can cover these units the most frequently and effectively is in a better position to sell an author's books than one who cannot command the same advantages in this field.

A. S. FRERE

99 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—The survey of English publishing in your issue of April 13 is valuable in that it illustrates the continual tug-of-war going on between publishers, booksellers and authors, but it does not adequately frame the two big problems facing the book trade, nor do any of the contributors offer a solution. The problems are (1) how to help the person who wants to buy books and cannot afford to do so and (2) how to compete with other branches of the entertainment industry, films, TV, radio, etc.

The present tendency is for the small bookseller to limit his stock to best-sellers and to give more space to stationery, toys and other more profitable lines. He does not support books written for minority audiences and the publisher of such books is forced to rely to an increasing extent on direct sales through his mailing list and through advertising. But his reliance on best-sellers is a bubble, as the tendency is for the public to buy the more popular type of book in book-club and paper-back editions, and now that the nett book agreement has had its teeth pulled, we shall soon see best-sellers being sold at a discount as "loss-leaders" in the department stores. Only the good bookseller with a personal service and adequate all-round stock can expect to survive as a bookseller.

I have given considerable thought during the past year to finding a way of getting books to the people who want them, and especially to those who have difficulty in paying the full price at the time of purchase. Book-minded people on the whole do not have very much money and usually find it very difficult to put down two or three guineas, for example, on a book which they particularly covet. *The Bookseller* of April 27 published an article of mine in which for the first time I gave details of a credit scheme open to the general public, which is to be run as "The Book Buyers Guild." The Guild will enable the public to buy books and records from booksellers on credit account with *no down payment*, but paying eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) of what they owe at the end of every month. Interest, which is charged on the amount owed at any one time only, will be charged at the very reasonable rate of six per cent. per annum. We hope that the marginal book buyer will respond and enable the publisher of worthwhile books and the booksellers who stock them to remain solvent.

17 Sackville Street, W.1. JOHN CALDER

THE LATE JAMES BOND

SIR,—As a result of Mr. John Raymond's poignant but premature obituary notice of Commander James Bond, R.N.V.S.R., there has been a flood of anxious inquiry.

May I, therefore, as Commander Bond's official biographer, ask to you to publish the following bulletin which, according to a delicate but sure source, was recently placed on the canteen notice-board of the headquarters of the Secret Service near Regent's Park:

> After a period of anxiety the condition of No. 007 shows definite improvement.
>
> It has been confirmed that 007 was suffering from severe Fugu poisoning (a particularly virulent member of the curare group obtained from the sex glands of Japanese Globe Fish). This diagnosis, for which the Research Department of the School of Tropical Medicine was responsible, has determined a course of treatment which is proving successful.
>
> No further bulletins will be issued.
>
> SIR JAMES MOLONY,
> Department of Neurology
> St. Mary's Hospital, W.2.

In view of the above, I am hoping that, despite the cautionary note sounded by Mr. Raymond and subject, of course, to the Official Secrets Act, further biological material on James Bond will in due course be available to the public. IAN FLEMING

16 Victoria Square, S.W.1.

SUBSIDISED SEGREGATION

SIR,—Not being the principal of the University College of the Rhodesias, I do not see how I can be expected to give Sir Leslie Plummer the guarantee he demands. I can only give him my personal conviction that those responsible for running the College make no secret of the fact that it is their desire to abolish all forms of segregation as soon as they can do so without creating a situation in which the College will no longer be multi-racial.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

CASEMENT AND KEITEL

SIR,—Would you allow me to correct two rather glaring errors in your last issue? Sir Roger Casement is mentioned as having been shot by the British. He was not shot, but hanged. So was Keitel after the second world war, and thus cannot have been "feted as a hero when he was let out."

28a Kenmore Gardens, Wembley. E. J. PORIES

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

Cricket—and Three Nuns

Settle yourself under the trees. Give a thought to the batsmen, fielders and umpires who are going to please you, or displease you, for the next few hours. And then light up your pipe of Three Nuns tobacco. Cricket may be full of glorious uncertainties—but Three Nuns is always a glorious certainty. The reason is Perique—that rare tobacco which once filled the American Indians' pipe of peace and is now so subtly blended in Three Nuns. Rich indeed is the pleasure of the Perique blend, as all Three Nuns smokers know.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN158

Maia, the Roman goddess of growing, gave us our name for the present month. Down-to-earth as ever, the Saxons called it 'Thrimilce', for no better reason than that cows could now be milked three times a day.

Behind many a trim façade, crisis develops. Impassioned voices demand to know the whereabouts of the blanco. The search for linseed oil brings chaos in its wake . . . cricket is here again. Let the darling buds of May scent the air as they will. Let blackbirds sing upon the thorn, let ribbons deck the maypole gay : these things may be Summer's heralds but, by gad, sir—they are not cricket. And so, of small account. The rest of us can take heart, however. The Midland Bank likes small accounts ; and, because it gives to them the same courteous attention that it gives to all calls upon its services, the Bank is not unnaturally popular among young people in all walks of life.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hell-Fire and Mescalin

LESS moralising about the world we live in, more study of the techniques used to run mass civilisation, might wake us up. We can moralise after with more effect. Dr. William Sargant's *Battle for the Mind** is exactly the kind of book that is required by the general reader. The "mind" discussed is not the mind as it is understood by philosophers or theologians; it is the brain and nervous system which we share with the dog and other animals. The purpose is to examine some of the mechanisms involved in therapy and in fixing or destroying religious and political beliefs in the brain, in other words the technique of brain-washing. Its practices are as old as man, as old as leadership, tyranny, the drama of sudden religious conversion, spiritual rebirth, spiritual death; they have a cousinship with witchcraft and modern psychiatry. With the good or evil of it all Dr. Sargant is not concerned—or he tries not to be—though some may think that the act itself of obtaining power over another soul, without its free consent and outside of simple therapy, is fundamentally evil. Connivance in it by the victim is an evil, too, and part of the miserable human tragedy. Dr. Sargant tries to keep his eye on the physiological. It is in the physiological process, he thinks, that Pavlov, Wesley and the brain-washer meet.

White missionaries in Africa, brought up in the rational habit of Christian exposition, have (for example) been shocked by the methods used by the Christian pastors of the Bantus. Unabashedly they play on primitive fear in order to get possession of their converts' unconscious. The Bantu Christian gives great importance to dreams and seeks to inculcate the right dreams—and, of course, to follow this up with the correct, stereotyped interpretations, for religious and political leaders rely on urgency and urgency requires a standard type in the revolutionary stage. I gather Dr. Sargant respects the need for myth but, like the rest of us, is shocked by the notion of an official myth. So, also, patients of psychiatrists respectfully change their dreams as they go from one doctor to the next. Freud himself—Dr. Sargant draws on Ernest Jones's biography—was shocked to discover he was infecting his patients with fantasies about sexual interference in childhood, because he happened to be interested in the subject at the time. It turned out that they had no basis in fact. Idle for us to say that these patients were primitive or sick and that we are not. The rational, intellectual, civilised or healthy man is no more immune than the simple from brain-washing in its diverse forms, from an undesired control of his mind. He can be made to feel he desires it, at any rate for a time. Once in contact with his master the subject's chances are humiliatingly small; indeed the most likely to survive are the mad or seriously abnormal. The first to fall is the "ordinary" man, and especially the extravert, already willingly conditioned by society.

Dr. Sargant is a physician in psychological medicine. He was drawn to his subject by clinical work on combat-neuroses during the war. The use of drugs in psychotherapy at this time took him on to the study of Pavlov's experiments, and it was in Pavlov that he found the clue on which the arguments of this book are based. After summarising Pavlov's discoveries about hysteria and mental collapse, Dr. Sargant says:

> Pavlov has shown by repeated and repeatable experiment just how a dog, like a man, can be conditioned to hate what it previously loved, and love what it previously hated. Similarly, one set of behaviour patterns can be temporarily replaced by another that altogether contradicts it; not by persuasive indoctrination only, but also by imposing intolerable strains on a formally functioning brain.

Applying Pavlov to the mechanics of political or religious conversion, Dr. Sargant says that for the conversion to succeed, the subject must be first worked upon by fear—hell, torture or the Arctic labour camp; then by anger—at his oppressor, or by exaltation (vision of wholeness, heaven, justice, salvation). He must be emotionally convicted of sin. These feelings must be worked on until hysteria is reached when he becomes automatically suggestible.

Aldous Huxley has shown that mescalin can produce something analogous to mystical experience. Sudden conversions are common after long illness, or exhausting and frightening ordeals. Religious sects have used the physiological stimulants of flagellation, physical discomfort, drumming, dancing, singing, weird light effects. The Inca priests used the coca drug. Such methods have been used to modify the action of the brain, to numb one part and excite another. Something has to break in the brain before the doctor or the saver of souls can introduce the new pattern. The religious process of breaking down has been stated clearly by Wesley and, even more exactly, by Loyola in his *Spiritual Exercises*. We may agree with Mr. Somerset Maugham that "considering their effect has been achieved through a constant and ruthless appeal to terror and shame it is surprising to observe that the last contemplation of all is a contemplation of love"; but if we do agree with him, we shall have allowed our unscientific horror to let us out of Dr. Sargant's argument by the ethical door. Being "re-made" involves terror and shame; the psychiatrist will make us re-live them or will give us a parallel experience. To rely on reason is useless. On an earlier page Dr. Sargant—who was brought up in the Methodist tradition—writes with detachment:

> All evidence goes to show that there can be no new Protestant Revival while the policy continues of appealing mainly to the adult intelligence and reason and until Church leaders consent to take more advantage of the normal person's emotional mechanism for disrupting old behaviour patterns and implanting new.

We cannot be made to fear hell-fire, but we could possibly be put into a state of passionate terror by enforced brooding on the hydrogen bomb. Is Dr. Sargant arguing that when we say (as we do nowadays) that the imagination is numbed and refuses to operate when we are faced by the horrors of the contemporary world—is he saying that the imagination *would* operate if we had been broken down first into the condition of helplessness, terror or shame, which the sick patient, the exhausted prisoner or the quaking penitent feels? Science rests on the laborious victories of human reason; it is odd to see its discoveries offered to revivalists. We need not doubt the genius of Wesley; but there are two opinions, at any rate, about his success in diverting the minds of the English masses from the miseries that were being heaped on them. We gratefully accept the psychiatrist's cure. He is exempt because he does not originally cause the evils he is called in to cure. But about the priest's or the politician's rule, we have our inheritance of opinion. To that inheritance from our reason and civilisation the victims do seem eventually to return, as far as one can judge from published accounts. It does seem that we are more than our behaviour patterns.

Can we find in Dr. Sargant's book any hints for self-defence? Private experience may dramatically affect us in politics or religion; we can hope to assimilate it gradually. We ought to pray to be delivered from imposing that experience on others, by removing their will or their freedom. How do we resist the soul-hungry person or regime? Avoid them: get away from them, is Dr. Sargant's first advice. Do not go to Voodoo dances or to Billy Graham if you are affectable. It appears that the cynical, the people with a sense of humour, the naturally detached, stand a better chance with the interrogator; they may have to give in, but they will not entirely give in. They will preserve a corner of themselves which cannot be touched. The intense desire to get away is a strength though it takes one through confession. In political investigation, the victims should know that their weight is being systematically reduced; therefore they should conserve their energy by reducing worry. The studied irregularity of interview (or nagging) is designed to increase anxiety and loss of sleep. The victim must train himself to sleep whenever he has a chance. We should guard against "normality"; on the other hand it will be to our advantage if we have a phlegmatic temperament and a strong, heavily built body. Intellectual awareness of what is happening is no protection, for it will eventually exhaust. Bald-headed, courageous, reckless opposition is disastrous. There is, in short, little hope of total resistance. On the other hand, how is it that the periods of dramatic or forced conversion in human history, and indeed, in private life, are so short? Loyola dragged out dull and weary years in Rome after his visionary period. The family tyrant terrorises by scenes and accusations, but exhausts himself and the exhausted victims come round. The Methodists have moved away from Wesley's methods. The Quakers have ceased to quake. The Inquisition was abolished. Even the re-born and the re-made have to live. Even the power-hungry become hollow. They have fed on hollow victories. They lose their judgment, for fanaticism dulls. Denied freedom in one direction, we seek it in another. There is an inertia in human nature which prevents

* *The Battle For the Mind*. By WILLIAM SARGANT. *Heinemann*. 25s

us from living too long at the vulnerable pitch of fever and, in that obscure soil, perhaps the mysterious seed of individuality is hidden. The victim comes round to his guilt as to a friend. Stubbornly, quietly, he recognises it is his right to be wrong and that freedom will correct him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Theology Class

One above all
(said the dead man)
in the scheme of things
lays us down in filth and pain
so that, when we rise again,
the soul may preen her wings
(the grave-bound soul).

Natural death
(said the sick man)
visits upon me sins
by which, in the first, blessed place
all by proxy fell from grace
in the nature of things
(grinning, the bone-peaked face).

Elsewhere, gone
(the standing man)
never, gone, to come,
lies that warm and shining place
for which we keep watch both ways
in the dark, alone
(unseen, his shadow winds the sun).

J. S. CUNNINGHAM

The Haunted Ghost ?

The Accusing Ghost: or Justice for Casement. By ALFRED NOYES. *Gollancz. 15s.*

The reception of Mr. René MacColl's sympathetic study of Roger Casement a year ago revealed that the many unsettled controversies connected with his story are still astonishingly alive. A debate in the House last May deepened the mystery, for Mr. Deedes, Under-Secretary to the Home Office, while refusing implacably to break the tradition of secrecy which has surrounded the diaries, gave the definite impression that they still existed. Then came a shattering announcement from Mr. Singleton-Gates, the only man alive who claims to have seen and examined the originals, to the effect that they had been destroyed on the orders of Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues years ago. If no active agitation followed it was only because rumour reported that Mr. Alfred Noyes had a book on the stocks which would settle all doubts.

I cannot say that his ghost story fulfils these expectations. Where the keeping of tempers is so important, the general tone strikes one as unfortunately calculated to embitter rather than enlighten, the new information it contains is negligible and the crucial question of the authorship of the disputed "Black" diaries is left in the air. Considered as a record of the Irish patriot's romantic life and tragic death it can in no way compare with some previous biographies. Admittedly Noyes had grievously wronged Casement's memory in 1916 by making a venomous attack on the diaries when in fact he had hardly glanced at one volume, but it is a mistake to try to appease a ghost by a heavy-handed splashing-on of whitewash. Take, for example, Mr. Noyes's use of a prison chaplain's statement "He was a saint" to infer that Casement could not have made a confession of homosexual practices; but in MacColl's book on Casement (p. 296) is printed a touching letter which shows that it was evidently another priest to whom he made his confession, and the reaction was very different. I find particularly misleading the account given of Casement's relations with Adler Christiansen, the pervert Norwegian sailor whom he took from New York to Berlin; Mr. Noyes

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—*Times Literary Supplement* *216 photographs 2nd. impression* 42s.

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Subtitled *Technology's Challenge to Human Endurance*, Dr. Gartmann's book answers a number of questions of great and immediate concern to our world today. The author is a leading member of the Society for Space Research, and is a fellow of the British Interplanetary Society. *Illustrated 18s.*

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Book Society Recommendation

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LEO TOWNSEND

To be published on Monday

Carleton S. Coon

'His readers will be caught by Mr. Coon's contagious sense of adventure . . . will be amused and instructed by the vivid tales of the archaeologist in the field.' SATURDAY REVIEW *Illustrated 28s.*

Book Society Recommendation

SEVEN CAVES

The Kind Young Man

Another charming, sympathetic and acutely-observed novel by the author of *The Charming Boy*. *15s.*

MARY HACKER

Through a Dark Wood

The author has been praised for his novels about Africa. His latest is a story of modern England, and tells the story of a marriage. *15s.*

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W. R. LOADER

plays down (or omits) the damning evidence until he feels entitled to describe Casement's attitude as "fatherly." One could collect a dozen more instances of a gentle tilting of the facts towards his hero's side.

It is a great tragedy that all else in Casement's honourable history fades before the controversy over the authorship of the notorious diaries, completely irrelevant as they are to anything in his public life. A word first about what the diaries contain, for there has been too much ridiculous argument between people who have never seen them and have no idea what they are like. Typed copies of two volumes for 1903 and 1910 and at least one account book (which I have not seen) are in private circulation. I accept these typed copies as authentic for two reasons—they correspond with the description given by Mr. Eamon Duggan who was shown the originals by F. E. Smith in 1921, and if they were not true copies one would have to believe that some unknown criminal forged two sets of diaries for no obvious reason. The great bulk of the material in both volumes deals with Casement's ordinary social and consular activities in many widely separated places. The notorious obscene passages, which show the writer to have been an obsessional *voyeur* as well as addicted to promiscuous homosexual relationships, are infrequent in the 1903 volume (they seem to have been missed altogether by Sir Basil Thomson) but by 1910 the writer has become grosser and more confident. But in the record of both years one gets the impression of a man struggling at times with himself, a man who could speak of Sir Hector Macdonald's failings as a "terrible disease" in all sincerity. Looking at the obscene passages one asks "Could this have been Casement?" Looking at the remainder one says "it could not have been anyone else." How he escaped detection is a mystery, but it should be noted that with very rare exceptions he kept on straight terms with associates of his own social class and reserved his indulgences for purely casual contacts whom he could easily drop or repudiate. Many days pass in both years without any "abnormal" entry, especially when he is busy with his investigations on the Congo or on the Putumayo.

The highly contemptible story of malice and muddle in the use made of the diaries by the heads of the secret services, Basil Thomson, Admiral Hall, and the Attorney-General F. E. Smith, is not very clearly handled by Mr. Noyes. He is weak on dates and apt to be reckless in the allegations he makes himself. Some may think that the mean spite shown by Sir Earnley Blackwell of the Home Office (he would not let Casement enjoy the prisoner's privilege of a decent lunch when on trial!) was even worse than Birkenhead's malignity. Even the fact that the homosexual was then regarded as a leper cannot excuse, in modern eyes, the low intrigues against a man in the condemned cell.

As for the evidence for the authorship of the diaries, Mr. Noyes rehearses the well-known story, that they were copies—or a translation—of a diary kept by the infamous character Armando Normand, a Bolivian sub-manager of the Putumayo rubber company. This theory has been rejected again and again and seems to be completely untenable, mainly for two reasons. First, Casement never accused Normand of perversion though he often wrote of him in his official reports and diaries with extreme loathing and made frequent references to his misbehaviour with women; secondly, the Black Diaries record perversion practised in the Congo, Funchal, London, Ireland and many places where Normand had never been at all, or certainly not at the relevant times. If one rejects Normand's authorship of the diaries, what theory is left? Mr. Noyes appears to favour a forger or team of forgers incorporating notes of perverse practices collected by Casement for scientific purposes. But the diaries do not in fact include material of this sort. In any case the technical difficulties either of interpolating obscene material in a closely paged diary so that the style, handwriting, and dates would stand up to hostile scrutiny, would be an incredible feat.

In his constructive suggestions for a suitable reparation Mr. Noyes will find considerable sympathy, though not always from the same motive. That the Irish people should be allowed to have Casement's body to lie beside their own honoured dead is a simple courtesy which it is unseemly to refuse. As governments have to consider precedent, it would be advisable to have the transfer made on the authority of the House of Commons rather than of the Home Secretary alone. For the same reason it is inadequate to demand that the "Home Office should review the whole case"—a Committee of the House of Commons would be better for the purpose and the inquiry should be confined to the matter of the diaries. Casement's trial and sentence are unassailable even if his execution was unwise; but the position about the diaries cannot be left where it is. Apart from the necessity of doing justice to Casement, charges have been made which are bringing the gravest discredit on Britain, and far from dying down if left alone will multiply like weeds. One had only to scan the Irish press last Sunday to see what harm is being done. The sooner we find out whether it is true that a group of higher public servants, Hall, Blackwell, Thomson, Birkenhead, behaved like criminals as well as cads, the better for us all. Did they really dare to plant forged documents on the Cabinet and on the Monarch? Do the diaries still exist and if not who briefed Mr. Deedes in the debate last May? If the verdict on these points goes against us, it will do us a power of good to apologise and to try to prevent a recurrence of such scandals. If Casement's deviations of character are established, he will not be the first idol whose good qualities gain more admiration when it is realised how hard he had to fight the worse.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Co-existence

The Challenge of Co-existence. By HUGH GAITSKELL. *Methuen. 7s. 6d.*

Hugh Gaitskell's lectures, delivered with great effect at Harvard last January, have more than the importance that must in any case attach to the pronouncements of a probable future Prime Minister. They have not the eloquence that the subject could easily arouse in a pacifist or a scientist—the two inevitably move towards each other in a nuclear age—neither have they the emotional force that it engenders in America-firsters or convinced Communists. They are logical, systematic and persuasive. Mr. Gaitskell finds America congenial and hates Communism as much as Mr. Dulles, but he is much more in touch with realities than Mr. Dulles appears to be on five days out of six, and his pro-Western views are tempered with realistic considerations that Pentagon orthodoxy seems usually to miss.

The lectures fall naturally into three parts. The first examines the part which has been played and can be played by the United Nations in maintaining co-existence. In the second he outlines what is now known on the Continent as the "Gaitskell plan" for German reunification, and the third deals with Western policy in the uncommitted areas.

It is quite true, as Mr. Gaitskell begins by saying, that co-existence is not a recent invention, but a Leninite definition of the period when Communism seeks to consolidate its gains and peacefully to prepare for future advances. Mr. Gaitskell might have noticed that though British imperialism did not similarly define its methods, it did in fact also proceed by alternating phases of expansion and consolidation. The tactics of imperialism have varied very little whether we are dealing with Czarism, Communism or British colonialism. Our colonial wars

were followed by periods of economic and psychological penetration, with promises of non-annexation. The fact that the actual annexation was often carried out by another political party did not reconcile the people we annexed. If he had noticed this parallel Mr. Gaitskell could have strengthened his argument that we may have reached a period when Soviet imperialism, like British imperialism fifty years ago, is perhaps modifying its nature as a result of internal and external pressures. Possibly the dynamic phase of Soviet imperialism is drawing to its close. Mr. Gaitskell notices the significance of the Bandung conference at which Russia was not present. The centre of Communism began to move away from Moscow and towards Peking. The uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa became conscious of a common cause and, as Mr. Gaitskell points out, freely discussed amongst themselves the dangers of Soviet imperialism. The victory was Nehru's, as well as Chou En-lai's, and it is a measure of the abysmal folly and incomprehension of the British and French in the Suez dispute that so much of the gains of Bandung were dissipated. To have thrown so much of the uncommitted Middle East on to the Communist side of the struggle was a far more serious result of the Suez adventure than the temporary rift between Britain and America.

Because Mr. Gaitskell understands that the American Sixth Fleet is as helpless as British and French bombers when it comes to providing any long-term solution to the Middle East complex, he has much that is useful to say in his lecture on co-existence in non-committed areas. Anti-colonialism, he realises, is a far more potent force in Asia and Africa than Communism, in spite of the fact that Britain and France, however reluctantly and spasmodically, are surrendering their position as imperial powers.

The question now is whether America, which has "not forgotten George III," can learn the central lesson of the post-war era. No accumulation of nuclear or other weapons will stem the tide of Arab nationalism. Where post-war nationalism has been opposed by the old colonial powers (as in China or Vietnam), Communism has successfully captured it; where, as in India, Pakistan, Ceylon or Burma, British Labour recognised the rights and the strength of the anti-colonial movement, the new nationalism strongly resists Soviet imperialism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A Damn Close Shave

The Indian Mutiny. By MAJ.-GENERAL RICHARD HILTON. *Hollis & Carter*. 18*s*.

The Mutiny was the watershed of British rule in India. A hundred years before, Clive won Plassey and established Britain as the paramount power; 90 years after, Mountbatten signed the Act of Independence. Until the Mutiny, our dominion was acquisitive rather than imperial, based on eighteenth-century concepts, a relic of an age in which government itself was merely an extension of private enterprise. The Mutiny showed conclusively that such a system could no longer work, that there was no half-way house between a purely commercial relationship and direct colonial rule.

For a few weeks, it looked as though Britain might be forced to opt for the first. By the middle of July, 1857, most of the Gangetic Plain was in the hands of the mutineers; only 5,000 British troops defended the entire Punjab and Bengal. Reinforcements were difficult to find and slow in arriving. Meanwhile, the rest of India watched and waited. If, as very nearly happened, General Barnard had been forced to raise the siege of Delhi in September, it is conceivable that the Indian interior might have been evacuated, and Britain might not have found the will to recommence the conquest. At Westminster, the new concept of empire had not yet been recognised as a vote-catcher, and there were many who still maintained that Britain could not afford the financial and material effort to expand in any but a commercial sense. In the great Commons debate of July 27, Disraeli attacked the Dalhousie policy of annexation. Fortunately (or unfortunately), by the time Palmerston's government fell, in February, 1858, Campbell had recaptured Delhi and relieved Lucknow; a month later he defeated the main rebel concentration at Betwa and the Mutiny was virtually at an end. But it was, as Lord Roberts afterwards remarked, "a damn close shave."

The military history of the Mutiny has been recorded in great detail by Sir William Kaye and Colonel Malleson, but its causes are bound to remain mysterious because the mutineers themselves were never able to tell their side of the story. What led thousands of Sepoys, almost with one accord, to shoot their officers and revive long-forgotten loyalties to a senile monarch? Its latest historian, General Hilton ("As an Englishman born in India, who has spent the happiest years of his life commanding Indian troops, perhaps I may claim to be reasonably impartial"), is content to stick to the old story of the greased cartridges. His is a straight, and admirably concise, military chronicle, and it is natural, perhaps, that he should prefer a simple, military explanation for what is, after all, a not uncommon military phenomenon. Soldiers mutiny because they are disgruntled with their food, or their conditions or their equipment. Why should the Sepoys be any different? But the fact remains that half of the mutinous units had not been issued with the new cartridges, and many which had remained loyal.

Equally unconvincing is the view advanced by some modern Indian writers, that the Mutiny was the precursor of the national independence movement. The mutineers never drew up a programme or attempted to negotiate a political settlement; for the most part they allowed themselves to become catspaws of reactionary land-

THE NEW SCIENTIST

The latest issue of this weekly scientific magazine—ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY—contains several articles of outstanding topical interest, written in the clear jargon-free language for which *The New Scientist* is famous. Contents include:

On seeing the invisible

An advertisement flashed on a cinema screen in the middle of a film, so briefly that the audience fails to notice it, has been found nevertheless to send up the sales of ice cream. This is the process which psychologists call "subliminal perception." Some psychologists believe that man can be made less vulnerable to such invasions of his unconscious by another mechanism called "perceptual defence." These matters are discussed in an article on some modern trends in psychological research by Dr. ROBERT T. GREEN of University College, London.

Scientists tackle a herring mystery

During the inter-war years a once lucrative English Channel herring fishery dwindled and died. Ever since, workers at the Marine Biological Association's laboratory at Plymouth have been trying to find what caused the herring stocks to fail. Now they have an answer. This fascinating scientific "detective story" is related in *The New Scientist* by one of the investigators, Dr. L. H. N. COOPER.

Long-distance radio problems

Scientists hope, during the International Geophysical Year, to extend their knowledge of the ionosphere. They want, for example, to learn more about the ionospheric disturbances which sometimes disrupt long-distance radio communications. T. W. BENNINGTON, B.B.C. research engineer, writes an explanatory article on these studies.

The growing importance of platinum

Producers of platinum are planning to expand their output, for the industrial uses of this rare metal are steadily increasing. An article in *The New Scientist* this week surveys the history of platinum's development and of the remarkably varied purposes for which it is employed.

New techniques aid the archæologist

Aerial photography and geophysical surveys are now being used to establish the sites of buried tombs which may contain treasures of the past; deep drilling and the use of the "periscope camera" help the archæologist to decide whether their contents justify full excavation. These techniques have been employed with remarkable results on the Etruscan tombs in Italy. One of those who has been engaged on the work, JOHN RADFORD of the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, describes how it is done.

Articles in *The New Scientist* are not only clearly written—they are admirably illustrated by picture and diagram. The magazine costs ONE SHILLING. Try it to-day.

The New Scientist, Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Phone: HOLborn 7554

owners and priests. Except in certain parts of Oudh, they evoked little response among the population. The peasants stayed in their villages. The townsmen impartially cheered the victories of both sides.

It seems more likely that the real dynamic of the mutiny was romantic nostalgia, an atavistic surge of the past. The Dalhousie reforms and the inexorable encroachment of British commercial civilisation appears to have created a growing sense of frustration among the fighting castes and the old aristocracy; an incoherent, inarticulate feeling that the savage, colourful, exciting India of the Mahrattas was being drowned in the rising tide of mass-manufactured men and things sweeping up the Hooghly from Manchester and the City. The Mutiny was the death agony of a primitive military society, a despairing revolt against discipline, order and *ennui*. It is significant that it produced romantic symbols like the Rani of Jhansi and the Bahadur Shah, but not a single military or political leader of even average ability. Many of the mutineers were experienced, British-trained officers, but they developed no coherent strategy and constantly threw away decisive tactical advantages. By declining to take Lucknow by frontal assault—a comparatively easy task in the early days of the siege—and by allowing Wilson to concentrate his slender forces round Delhi, they threw away an obvious opportunity to turn the early British defeats into a rout. By the autumn, when it was clear that victory could no longer be won in pitched battle, they should have switched to guerrilla tactics. But none of their leaders seems to have grasped this. Hence, although the British forces were heavily outnumbered, they were able to draw the fullest advantage from their superior organisation and leadership by meeting the mutineers where they were most vulnerable, in the open field.

The Mutiny killed the old India. The Crown took over from the Company. A civil service was created, railways built, courts set up on the British model; and with them came a new race of Indians—the clerical class—who eventually formed the cadres of nationalism. In less than a generation, India was transformed. In 1857, the principal opponent of British rule was the exotic Nana Sahib, a figure from the remote imperial past; 30 years later, his role had been taken over by Lokamanya Tilak, a professional modern nationalist. The process would have occurred in any case, but the Mutiny undoubtedly hastened it. It also had one other effect, perhaps even more decisive. By discouraging large-scale colonisation by British settlers, it helped to prevent the formation of a white *colon* class and so spared Britain and India the agony of what would have been the greatest colonial war in history. A damn close shave indeed!

PAUL JOHNSON

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COLLINS

Friend of the Family

The Sponger. By JULES RENARD. Translated by EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

L'Ecornifleur (1892), which now appears for the first time in English translation, is one of those short and brilliant oddities that will always hold a special prestige in literature. And indeed, the book was named by an eminent French jury (including Mauriac, Pagnol, Colette) as one of the twelve best French novels of the past century. It was an early work of the author, a young provincial newly settled in Paris, but his manner was even then fully evolved. Readers of the better-known *Poil de Carotte* will recognise the carefully timed arrangement of dialogue, description, and occasional narrative shock. The subject, though, is another matter. Renard for once was not observing life in terms of peasants, children or animals.

The Sponger tells how Henri, a poet of sorts, attaches himself to a placid bourgeois couple. He is the family friend, the useful third who seems indispensable to so many marriages. His presence saves the husband and wife from boredom and irritation; he reads them his poems, throws off celebrated names, opens the window on to a thrilling bohemian world at whose fringe, in fact, he barely subsists. And they, envying and pitying the meagre fellow, provide him with comfort, stability, good meals, admiration, a tireless audience. A gentle surge of warm emotions keeps the three in a mild agreeable stir.

All this is charming, but is it enough? In his literary role, Henri feels that he should also become the lover of Madame. The scene shifts to a Normandy seaside village where the Vernets go for their long summer holiday. Henri accompanies them; so does the Vernets' niece Marguerite, a bouncing hoyden of sixteen. Now Henri has an active part in the cast; he arranges the walks, the bathes, sets out the deck chairs, carves the joint, deals (from the Vernet purse) with daily payments. With Monsieur he exchanges worldly jokes; he directs the reading of the aunt, the swimming lessons of the niece. He is the perfect confidant, playmate, friend.

How does he come to ruin this happy situation? By boldness, or by the lack of it? In spite of desire, in spite of chance after chance, he fails to possess Madame. He makes an unhappy attempt to seduce Marguerite, and bungles it horribly. It is time for him to go. Event, in the static novel of this kind, must always be a disaster. But the charm, the distinction of the thing lies just in this, that nothing must ever happen.

Henri himself is not such a stranger; he might be found embedded in many contemporary works of fiction; looking back, you can catch him often enough, if fleetingly, in Dickens and Trollope; certainly, if he were a little less vulgar, in Henry James. But the book itself has no real parallel in English. *The Card*? No—that vigorous tale runs in a very different channel. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cousin Phillis*, Barbellion's *Journal*, an occasional recent American novel like Saul Bellow's *Dangling Man* come nearer; one might envisage any of them set out to the Renard formula. But the style itself is insidious. Sample it for a chapter or two, and other ways of telling a tale will begin to seem laboured and crude. Critics have been exasperated by Renard's deliberate manner and deliberately narrow range. But at least he took care to write only of what he knew, and he observed meticulously. *The Sponger*, which evokes and sets in motion the whole Vernet pattern of life, is satirical, certainly; but the satire is of the living kind that comes from the inside view. Shown as they are at every move from the angle of low comedy, the worthy pair remain at the end solid and firm. Nothing can shake the granite fisherfolk of Talléhou, either. As for Henri, with his lies, his shameful underclothes, his feebleness in love, he is a poor creature after all; we cannot set him down as a villain. Too timid, too ill-assured to thrive as card or cad, he loses perhaps more than the others by his flight. Except, of course, Monsieur, who will not see again the money he has lent.

NAOMI LEWIS

Archæological Odd Lot

Peru. By G. H. S. BUSHNELL. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

The Scythians. By TAMARA TALBOT RICE. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

Journey into Roman Britain. By G. M. DURANT. *Bell.* 20*s.*

The Walls of Jericho. By MARGARET WHEELER. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Flying to 3000 B.C. By PIERRE JEANNERAT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

The Valley of the Kings. By OTTO NEUBERT. *Hale.* 21*s.*

I have never before sat down to review an odd lot of archæological books such as these, and it seems a very difficult job to have undertaken. Their worth is so unequal—and some of them are really very odd indeed. At least it is easy and appropriate to begin by welcoming a new series that promises well. *Peru* and *The Scythians* are the first two volumes in a series called *Ancient Peoples and Places*, to be published under the general editorship of Dr. Glyn Daniel. The projected titles are very various, ranging in scale from *Ancient China* to *Wessex*, but all alike will be written by reliable authorities and all (presumably) will appear in the present excellent format: a convenient size, broad margins, clear type and a large number of really excellent plates grouped at the end with their own notes. Style and manner, of course, are bound to vary as widely as subject matter. In *Peru* Dr. Bushnell describes the series of prehistoric cultures culminating in the Inca Empire; he is sternly archæological in his approach and perhaps rather duller than he need have been. Mrs. Talbot Rice writes of the life and times of the Scythians with a more personal warmth and enthusiasm. Probably many people will be surprised by the splendid vigour and abundance of Scythic art, for it is far too little known. It is fascinating to see how this nomadic steppe people compounded their art from elements as far removed from one another as the Ionian Greek and the Chinese, and how they in their turn came to influence the Celtic and Teutonic artists of western Europe.

Both these books are written by specialists for non-specialists and represent an essence distilled from great retorts of learning. Mrs. Durant is not a specialist, and here and there her lack of the larger mastery of her subject is apparent. Still, the work has been conscientiously done and she has succeeded in combining a history of the Roman Province and the way of life of its people with more detailed accounts of some of the leading Romano-British monuments.

Lady Wheeler is not an expert either, but she has been working with experts, and the introduction she gives to the recent discoveries at Jericho —of profound importance for our understanding of the beginnings of civilisation—can be accepted

as reliable. The main purpose of her book, however (which is slight, and meant to be), is to give her personal impression of life in an excavation camp staffed mainly by women. Jericho is now the site of a large settlement of Arab refugees, and Bronze Age tombs lie among their huts. Photographs showing their beautiful, eager and at least momentarily happy faces are an unexpected *donnée* in *The Walls of Jericho*.

The remaining two books are the real oddities. I would not have thought *Flying to 3000 B.C.* worthy of comment had it not been seriously noticed elsewhere. It is an account of a trip to Egypt that seems to me as silly and superficial as the title would suggest. It is made up of alternate scraps of journalistic dialogue and portentous over-writing. True there is a certain Daisy Ashford fascination about the style and its extraordinary lack of construction.

> All the passengers in our B.O.A.C. Argonaut (another classical allusion disregarded for the moment despite the aptness of the golden fleece spread beneath us shortly before across woolly cumuli) stopped talking and looked spell-bound at the fast-dipping molten disc. We were enveloped in a fold of the sun's crimson mantle that stretched everywhere as far as the eye, liberated from earthly obstacles, could reach, an immense mantle the colour of blood. The giver of light to us whose greatest boon is sight. . . .

The book ends with a long and pointless allegory about elephants as the successors of men in mastery of the world, with the final moral—

> Initiative and liberty are beautiful plants that grow into rank weeds if sown haphazard. Our only unquestionable birthright is to accomplish the utmost good of which we are capable.

Which seems to show that M. Jeannerat has a message for us. So has Herr Neubert, but I could not make out exactly what it is, beyond the suggestion that we should refrain from blowing one another up. *The Valley of the Kings*, however, is a much more serious archæological work than M. Jeannerat's; the author was present during the exploration of Tutenkhamun's tomb and has some interesting recollections. On the other hand the general impression he conveys of Egyptian life and its social and religious ideas seems to me misleading. In particular, he is excited by thoughts of physical cruelty, and by reproducing no less than three horrid little drawings of execution and torture he places an emphasis on sadism that is in no way justified. The Egyptians were among the least brutal of ancient peoples.

I do not like writing roughly about books, especially when, as in Herr Neubert's case, the author is obviously sincere and conscientious after a fashion. But there comes a point when one has to protest.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Poets' Kingdoms

Introduction to Mistral. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

It is a good moment for the publication of an authoritative book on Mistral, the great Provençal, and one could hardly think of a more suitable biographer than Mr. Aldington, who has brought to the task not only the resources of sound scholarship and the sympathy of a fellow-poet, but a third factor almost more important: long residence and an intimate personal knowledge of the Midi.

For Mistral belongs to the race of "big-loined" writers, important not only to poetry but to his language and his race as well. In an age of shrilly *engagé* town-bred poets, writers like these seem Olympians in the calm simplicity and humanity of their lives, the orderly massiveness of their workshop ideas, and the sense they give of belonging fully and freely to their own life and times. To "belong" in the sense of a Mistral, or a Solomos in Greece, or the author of *Martin Fierro* in Argentina, is to enjoy a sense of relationship with a community which seems often denied to

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much greater men. Is it just luck that they happen to be born at the very moment when a race is ready to express a vital stage in its growth, and a ripening but neglected language lies to hand? Or is it the rugged individual power of each which suddenly makes him stand out from a crowd and tower head and shoulders above it? Does a Provence create a Mistral or a Mistral a Provence? "Mistral 'represents' Provence," writes Mr. Aldington,

> with a power and thoroughness and felicity hardly to be equalled by any modern hero whose main power over his fellow-men was the written word. . . . Even for Scotland you have to add Sir Walter to Burns and perhaps Carlyle to make them a composite but truly 'representative' man comparable with what Mistral is to Provence.

While materials for a full-dress Life are as yet not available, Mr. Aldington has sketched in his subject in firm outline, content that his book should stand as an introduction to the work as much as to the life; and here the fun begins. For while Mistral's life appears to have been completely uneventful, undramatic and untroubled by any of the curses known to most creative men (which range from neurasthenia to unpaid debts), yet it is clear that it is quite impossible to study his poetry, even if you understand Provençal well, without unconsciously studying the country of Provence itself, so tightly are the two interwoven and so close was the bond forged between the poet and his native landscape. It was more than a question of subject-matter and tongue—it was a sense of regional identity completely unaffected and uncontaminated by "romanticism" which enabled him to give a new meaning, a new "soul" to Provence.

Of course, the language problem was an important one, and the foundation of the little sect of poets (the Felibres) played a useful political role in giving impetus and currency to the idea of a "Provençal" poetry as distinct from a "French" poetry. "The notion," writes Mr. Aldington,

> that the *langue d'oc* (Provençal) is simply French debased and mispronounced by the uncultured Midi is so strongly rooted a prejudice that at the risk of being tiresome I must insist that Provençal and French are as much independent languages sprung from popular Latin as Portuguese and Spanish. . . . So far as Europe is concerned more people still speak Provençal than speak Portuguese.

This idea, then, had to be combated on the literary plane; but it could never have been accepted had not the work itself lived up to it—had not the poets themselves (whose curious and often amusing habits and idiosyncrasies Mr. Aldington studies with affection) actually delivered the goods: the new poetry of Provence.

Mistral was the greatest of these, and though his quiet harmonious life makes uneventful reading, the study of his poetry, which forms the heart of this book, is rewarding not only as an introduction to a great poet but as a fascinating and detailed guide to the history, habits, folk-lore and beliefs of the humble people of Provence, which gave Mistral the subject-matter for his work, and which remain almost unchanged to this day. And it is here that Mr. Aldington's scholarship and good writing are backed up by an extraordinarily detailed knowledge of Provence itself. Not only has he served poetry well in writing this book; he has added a brilliant commentary on Provence, ancient and modern, for which all travellers to the Midi will be grateful. One hardly dares to call a work of this calibre "the perfect travel book," but I know that as long as I am in Provence I shall use no other as a guide.

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A Martyr in the Family

Nicholas Ridley. By JASPER GODWIN RIDLEY. *Longmans.* 25*s*.

Nicholas Ridley, a national martyr, has been strangely dependent for his historical career on family devotion. In 1763 his biography was written by Gloucester Ridley, a collateral descendant; no further life has been published until the present one by Mr. Jasper Ridley, another collateral descendant. This impressive display of family piety might raise fears of an excessively admiring portrait, and, indeed, Gloucester Ridley's eighteenth-century Life was full of adulation, although not for the expected reasons. For if Gloucester Ridley was a Ridley, he was also a divine. He saw his ancestor primarily as a representative of all that was best in English Protestantism, a man whose life might usefully serve as an example "to instruct us in the true principles of the Religion which we possess, equally abhorrent from the superstitious slavery of Rome, and the unsocial enthusiasms of Germany." The spirit of Ridley was to be conjured up in order to exorcise the evils of eighteenth-century popery and methodism.

Mr. Jasper Ridley, unlike his predecessor, is no theologian. He is not concerned to fight modern theological battles; nor is he prone to ancestor-worship. If he is a Ridley he is also a lawyer, and his book is written with a lawyer's clarity and detachment. The reader is aware throughout of a dispassionate sifting and weighing of evidence, together with an approach which stops far short of adulation. Some admirers of Cranmer and Ridley have dwelt approvingly on their mildness in the treatment of Anabaptists, in contrast to the severity shown by Henry VIII and Mary Tudor. Mr. Ridley will have none of this as a point in his ancestor's favour. "If in fact they only burned two," he sensibly remarks, "this was simply because they could not lay their hands on any more."

It is not surprising, in view of Mr. Ridley's admirable unwillingness to garnish the evidence, that the Ridley he portrays appears a little remote. For a large part of the bishop's life—the Northumbrian childhood, the years at Cambridge, and even the period after the death of Henry VIII, as Bishop of Rochester and then of London—there is sadly little of the personal information which makes it possible to write a satisfying biography. On occasions, some incident brings him slightly nearer; his independence and determination are well shown, for example, in the visitation of Cambridge University and in his efforts to prevent the suppression of Clare Hall, with its contingent of Northumbrian fellow-countrymen. But frequently the author is reduced to providing a straightforward narrative of the progress of the English Reformation, fitting Ridley into the picture as and when he appears, instead of being able to illuminate the course of the Reformation through the development of his subject's personality and opinions.

Ironically, it is only in the period immediately before his death that Ridley really comes to life. Here at last, in the months before the martyrdom, the information becomes sufficient to allow a more intimate glimpse of this vehement, single-minded man who had arrived at his theological position through reason and logic, and would never withdraw from it unless he could be rationally persuaded. It is this attitude which makes the manner of Ridley's death of a piece with his life; it was a death consciously and deliberately chosen, as a result of the refusal to abandon a doctrine with which he had particularly identified himself—the rejection of transubstantiation. If many martyrs are important only for their deaths, this is not true of Ridley. In this repudiation of transubstantiation, which was to bring him to the stake, he had made his own contribution to Reformation thought. Mr. Ridley touches only lightly on theology, preferring to give a straight narrative account, consistently lucid and interesting, of his ancestor's life. As narrative biography, there is no need for it to be done again. But the wider task of interpretation, and of the assessment of Ridley's life and place among the religious thinkers of his age, is left to others. Perhaps some day another Ridley will take up the challenge.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Van Wyck Brooks in Pictures

A Pictorial History of American Literature. By VAN WYCK BROOKS and OTTO L. BETTMANN. *Dent.* 50*s*.

In highbrow literary circles in the United States Van Wyck Brooks is a controversial figure. The importance of his early books, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* in particular, is not denied, but the massive five-volume work by which he is best known both here and in America, *Makers and Finders*, is often seen as a different matter altogether; as the product of a narrow nationalism amounting to xenophobia, the expression of a nostalgia for the past which, as one critic has said, resembles "the speeches at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon—a combination of gala rhetoric and inscrutable reasoning." Without doubt, Mr. Brooks does not love an expatriate, and he has said naughty things about Henry James and Mr. Eliot. Yet to an English reviewer he may very well seem almost the one American critic now left in the line of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman; and in his introduction to this new book he explains what he set out to do in *Makers and Finders:*

> I had primarily in mind the American writers of our day and what I conceived to be the interest for them of a living sense of the immediate tradition behind them. I mean that part of the world tradition of which our national tradition is, in Walt Whitman's phrase, an "evolutionary outcome," the part that represents our own peculiar experience and that is properly seen as a gateway to the rest. . . . It seemed to me important to show in all its concrete fullness the largely unexplored range of our cultural tradition. That was my general purpose in writing the series.

Well, Dr. Bettmann has now abridged *Makers and Finders*, reducing it to less than one-sixth of its length, but illustrating each chapter with con-

temporary photographs, drawings, cartoons, caricatures, book illustrations. The result is a very handsome book, and the pictures, to any one interested in their subjects, must be fascinating. Not so the captions that accompany them: "Bronson Alcott would be called today a child psychologist. He encouraged his little daughters to put their thoughts on paper" is typical. And the quality and style of the abridgement are not much better, though it is only fair to say that Mr. Brooks himself seems pleased enough with it. What has gone wrong? The answer, I think, is this. *Makers and Finders*, whether one likes the style or not, is a triumph of style, a feat comparable, perhaps, to the later style of George Moore. Mr. Brooks most artfully weaves a tapestry of allusion, pastiche and quotation in which to set his biographical sketches, anecdotes and literary judgments. All that is left after Dr. Bettmann has done his job are the literary judgments and these wrenched out of their context are, it must be admitted, never subtle and pretty often banal. The text of this book is quite simply not up to the standard of the illustrations. I doubt whether anyone with the knowledge to appreciate the pictures is going to appreciate the text. And while I do not think this necessarily invalidates *Makers and Finders* as a record of the literary history of the United States, I have to admit that it leaves me much more in sympathy than I have been before with those Americans who find that vast work a painful subject.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The Blanket. By A. A. MURRAY. *Deutsch.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Fabulous Concubine. By CHANG HSIN-HAI. *Cape.* 21*s.*

The Golden Strangers. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Plaster Fabric. By MARTYN GOFF. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Thought for the Week. An author of only moderate imagination, describing very exotic events, will produce not a drama but a puppet-show. So why not watch TV?

I have waded through seas of stage gore to fetch you this simple reflection for *The Fabulous Concubine* is mostly about the Boxer Rising; *The Blanket* is about ritual murder, and *The Golden Strangers* about several inconceivably bloody-minded sorts of Ancient Briton. Of the three, *The Blanket* is the least pretentious and far the most successful. It tells, quietly and at no great length, the story of a young Basuto caught up in an expedition which kills a man to provide magic from his body, of the police investigation and the trial and the boy's eventual stand against such killings. It grinds no axes (except, indeed, against ritual murder); it does not involve itself with the colour question; it just presents luminously the impact of horror on a simple person and the upthrust by which his personality grows to meet it. It is moving, and it has a remarkable freshness.

The other two are quite a different matter. They belong to that class of two- or three-deckers which are so stuffed with useful information that they are licensed to be dull and psychologically obtuse—their honourable lineage, in fact, is by *Hereward the Wake* out of *Kristin Lavransdatter*. *The Fabulous Concubine* is, to an English reader, one of the more amusing of these, because the Chinese scenes represented really do seem fairly exotic. It is the story of a girl (unfortunately she is actually fabulous) who goes as the concubine of a Chinese ambassador to Germany at the end of the last century, remains with him when he is recalled in disgrace and later vindicated, and after his death keeps a "sing-song house" in Tientsin till the horrors of the Boxer Rising drive her away and finish the story. The mingled fear and contempt of the dying Empire for the barbarians who menace it is well shown, the social customs are fascinating, and the characters themselves, though not interesting, are graceful. But the book is terribly padded with remarks like: ". . . surely there must be something basically wrong. I tell you it is for us of the younger generation to find out what the trouble is—and to remedy it." The book is, in fact, adapted, with deep Oriental guile, for the American palate.

As for *The Golden Strangers*, it is a ponderous account of the conquest of dark Earth-mother-worshipping Celts by fair-haired Stonehenge-building sun-worshippers. I couldn't say whether it is all true, but Henry Treece describes the loathsome behaviour of both sides in the most conscientious detail. What he never succeeds in doing for a moment is conveying what it feels like to behave like this as a matter of course. Perhaps Robert Graves or Kipling might have managed it but I think both would have chosen a more plausible subject. For these particular savages do not seem to be real savages; they are literary ones, projections of the horror within the civilised mind. Their characters are thin because they are composed only of what can *not* be fitted into civilisation. The Corn King, who is the central figure in this book, is in many ways very much like Naomi Mitchison's Corn King of thirty years ago. Now Naomi Mitchison's book was a really valuable, a classic, piece of projection, but it is a book which, having been written once, does not need to be written again. It still seems to me the best book to put in the hands of a person who wants to know in a general chatty way what fertility rituals were like in primitive Europe. And it is equally informative on how the intellectuals of the Twenties conceived the savage soul. The only serious change in the present book is that the king, like his subjects, is much less amorous and more sadistic; in fact, his only interests are torturing and being tortured. Some people might welcome this as showing a deeper insight. But it seems to me simply to show a change of fashion. Corn Kings, after all, are only the James Deans and Marlon Brandos of the past; they are formed by their public. And I shouldn't wonder if this book became quite a valuable source of information about the fantasies of the Fifties. But I don't see any other point in it, and I have thought it worth while to say so at length because there is undoubtedly a notion going around that the more blood is spilt in the course of a book or film, the nearer it must be to reality. Mr. Treece's jerky, nervous, allegedly poetic style only thickens this book's neurotic atmosphere without at all suggesting any deeper truth that might lie behind the violence. The sources of the whole thing are obviously psychological and are such that the book can't give them proper catharsis—as, indeed, is clear from its extreme repetitiveness.

And so back to the present-day ego. Mr. Goff has written quite a good novel about homosexuality. He has seen the great trap—the danger of monotonously plugging the self-pity of a clique—and has dodged it vigorously by distributing pity among several characters. Of his central triangle, one member is homosexual, one is working-class and the other is a Jew. This arrangement (which is made natural and convincing enough) has them all feeling inferior and clutching at each other for support; all are sensitively studied, and the homosexual's own story is moving enough. Its limitation, of course, is that it has no solution; the man develops a little but essentially we leave him nearly where we found him, apart from a decision to be moral which might have been convincing but isn't. This, however, is simply a drawback of the subject. Unless (like Proust) one can dramatise a development in one's understanding of it, it will not readily support more than a long-short story, and the problem only becomes more difficult if, like Mr. Goff, you lower the temperature and try to be truthful. Altogether, his book is sensitive, honest and intelligent; I suppose it would be too much to ask that he should show some of Proust's sense of the comedy of the subject, too.

MARY SCRUTTON

Shorter Reviews

Poste Restante. By HARRY T. MOORE. *Cambridge, California.* 26*s.*

Mr. Harry T. Moore has been at Lawrence again. This time he provides "editors, critics and bibliographers" and, Lord save us, "future biographers," with the skeleton of his own work, *The Intelligent Heart*. He calls it "a travel calendar"; its purpose is to say, as nearly as possible, where and when Lawrence was throughout his life, each entry being "proved" by reference to all those letters, published and unpublished, that Mr. Moore has claimed as his peculiar domain. The author's capacity for hard work is indisputable, so is the handiness of this book for quick references. Inevitably, it has a few minor inconsistencies: Else Jaffe, for example, becomes without warning Else Jaffe-Richthofen; "Visiting the Hawks" is carefully noted against a couple of days in 1925, yet there is no mention that the Hawks were Lawrence's hosts for a whole winter two years before; some of the books are dated by their American publication only; some by their English, some by both. But the real trouble is with Mr. Moore himself. He ought by now be able to muffle his delight at reprimanding Lawrence's shade for inaccurate dating. And then the whole undertaking is rather chilling. Not a detail of Lawrence's comings-and-goings has been missed. Mr. Moore's curiosity is relentless; you can hear him fairly panting down the neck of his quarry. I suppose, American scholarship being what it is, such efficiency was inevitable. But now the biography is done with, I wish Mr. Moore would let his victim rest. A. A.

The Rise of the House of Duveen. By J. H. DUVEEN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

The author of this book published two volumes of his professional reminiscences over twenty years ago, *Collections and Recollections* in 1935 and *Secrets of an Art Dealer* in 1936. At that time his first cousin, Lord Duveen of Millbank, was still alive and kicking; and Mr. Duveen, who had received some severe kicks in

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—*Times Literary Supplement* 21s.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

the past, wisely decided to give his cousin a wide berth in his memoirs. The dead, however, cannot bring libel actions. Now at the age of eighty-three the author feels at last able to expose "Joe's" treacherous character and abominable behaviour. Unfortunately he is not the first in the field, for Mr. Behrman's *Duveen* has already robbed that orchard of its finest fruit. But Mr. Duveen has some devastating revelations from his own experience to contribute to the Duveen saga. Joe not only robbed the author by guile of one of his best customers—that might be excused in the cut-throat world of art-dealing—but actually robbed him of his wife for twenty years, and those the best twenty years of his life. Joe's sister Esther was in love with our author, when they were both under the age of twenty-one; and her father approved of the match, but Joe had other plans. He cajoled his sister into marriage with a rich art-dealer, twice her age, in order to further his own mercenary ambition; and our author had to wait twenty years until her first husband died before he could marry his beloved and live happily ever after. For this story alone the book deserves a place on the shelf alongside Mr. Behrman. It contains many other anecdotes of frauds and fakes and art-dealing tricks, but they all pale into insignificance before Joe's misdeeds.

R. P.

The State of Israel By L. F. Rushbrook Williams. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Mr. Rushbrook Williams has written this book, he says, "because I looked in vain for something like it when I first became interested in Israel." There are, to be sure, a good many books purporting to describe Israel, but most of them are either the superficial jottings of tourists or the special pleading of partisans. Mr. Rushbrook Williams has approached his subject with scholarly detachment, with a respect for detail and with a great experience of the Middle East. The result is a handbook which tells the story of Israel up to the end of 1956 and contains practically all the factual information one can possibly need. A fair criticism is that the author is himself a shade uncritical. He writes, for example, in an optimistic, even starry-eyed, way about the absorption of Yemenites and North Africans into the society of Israel. Nothing he writes is untrue. Yet is there really no danger that these backward immigrants may gradually drift into the position of second-class citizens? After all they are already in some cases employed as wage-labour on the *kibbutzim*—which would have been unthinkable not so long ago. Then again the Arab minority, we are truly told, is treated with great and creditable generosity in Israel; but for military reasons it is not accorded full equality with the Jewish majority, nor can it be so long as external pressure makes it a potential fifth column. Is it not relevant that, despite good treatment, the dislike of most of the Arabs for Jewish rule is still intense—especially in Nazareth, which Mr. Rushbrook Williams properly quotes as an example of progress? The complaint is not that this book conceals either of these problems; but Mr. Rushbrook Williams appears to take them less seriously than do the minority of self-critical Israelis. Nevertheless, he has written a good and very useful book. Now, having publicly established his love and knowledge of Israel, he has cleared the ground for an even better one. The duty of true friends is not to corrupt with flattery but to furnish the tough, constructive criticism which the tough, constructive (but, inevitably, over-confident and even arrogant) Israelis now need if they are to fulfil the hopes which the democratic world reposes in them.

J. F.

The Boy Down Kitchener Street. By Leslie Paul. *Faber.* 15*s.*

It is illusion, but nothing seems so gone forever as the 60 years behind a man when the family of a booking-clerk had a whole house, a local station, six aunts, Saturday "evenings," tolerable cooking, emotional shares in an Empire and tradition. The author is like that, and for him—though he doesn't exactly say it—times like these represent a total decline. Leslie Paul grew up in an Edwardian suburb, in a house called Omdurman, and his book about those days is charmingly written, without the glib dishonesty that substantive carries nowadays. His book is brimful of vivid nostalgic things. They work. We feel the suburb all faded and rosy. It's sad enough, and just a little silly. Take a party, for instance: party-givers today invite someone "because she'll play the guitar"; more often, "because he's got a whole mess of new disks," or, most modern, we each swallow a tranquilliser and sip the mauve poison of telly. But Mr. Leslie was an indefatigable reciter of *Gunga Din*, a sister's friend would have been dying all week to sing the Cobbler's song from *Chu Chin Chow*, and the other guests had to, nay, were anxious to, do their piece.

Of course the book leaves out things we must not forget while reading it lest we develop a hankering after the good old days, finding another excuse to flay ourselves. The man at the piano shared with the elocutionist a pill of hypnotic ignorance; down the road was misery, and Omdurman was massacre. If one preferred *The Company Serjeant Major* to *O For The Wings Of A Dove* they could all agree that the map was, thank Heaven, red, and getting redder. Reviewing Mr. Paul's book while making the best of the future that its character's planned, one feels, perhaps ungraciously, how much there would be to say to its singing, charade-playing characters. In such a conversation their musical comedies and "honour" would figure as irrelevancies. One day soon we will all be angry old men writing our horrible nostalgias, but not even Mr. Wain will be looking out of the windows of a house called Suez.

C. L.

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Result of No. 1,415

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The pleasures of life have already been well sung. Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a poem glorifying the joys of teetotalism, non-smoking, chastity, fasting or any other form of asceticism.

Report

Many competitors in an army of angel's-advocates took their virtues sadly, preferrring cautious apologia to rumbustious battle-songs. Surely Calvinism can have its Calverleys and Chestertons!

Why scale the purple towers of sin
To do those things they do within?
May cuckoos call to cast a clout.
Just think what you can do without.

P. Holtby

Just think, indeed!
Here is the voice of stalwart teetotalism:

Some men fill their sodden skins
With sludge from cobwebbed cellar bins.

Michael Bailey

And proud he is as any Guelph
That he's no wineskin, but HIMSELF.

Allan M. Laing

The regretful:

To-day the breed is far too few
Of those who razor's edge eschew.

John Mitchell

The practical:

Teetotalism, unlike other vice,
Is quite absurdly cheap as well as nice.

Molton

The *Dispassionate Shepherd* sounded a call to the cosy life:

Come live with me and be my friend.

Audrey Laski

The joyful range from the unfashionably dressed (C. E. Collins) and the bed-readers of non-thrillers (N. Gunter) to those who find bliss with "No wine, no women and no song." (Macdee). Other abstainers to be commended are Anna Kennedy, E. Tattersall, H. A. C. Evans, J. Timson, N. S. Smith; while the following may renounce non-prizewinning: Leslie Johnson, Pug, P.M., Stanley J. Sharpless, Dr. F. B. Julian: twenty-five shillings to each.

From an Ode by a Non-smoker

And having found and occupied
The sole remaining vacant seat,
I did not have to rush outside
And stand on aching feet
An hour or more
In draughty corridor
As others did whose panic-stricken start meant
That they had noticed this was a compartment
Wherein their base addiction
Met with complete proscription.
In contrast to these fuming folk,
I sit and happily non-smoke.

Leslie Johnson

To sing the JOY of not doing
Is not a continence.
Indeed of anything to sing
Is pleasure in a sense.
And thus, a good ASCETIC, I
Abstain, and must not GLORIFY
Even indifference.
Yet to compete, I may express
A certain preference
For not achieving a success.
And so, though I could not care less,
I say with deference . . .

PUG

ABSTAINER'S DRINKING SONG

I always drink in company, I'd hate to have to carry
My liquor like a cactus or unsocial dromedary.
"Welcome! the drinks are on the house" will always
by my motto—
Good cheer and bonhomie on tap, yet nobody gets
blotto;
For it's not the drinks, my hearties, but the "Here's
to yous" that matter,
And nothing keeps old friendships green like lots of
lovely water!
Chorus: Then come with me and we'll abstain
Where chlorinated waters bubble,
Together at the kitchen main
We'll see life whole and see it plain
And never, never see it double.

P. M.

Hail, Chastity,
That dams the primal fluid at its source,
Whereon, denied the channel Nature planned,
It spills itself in sublimating streams
To fertilise the ambient life of man;
Thus, Art, that baffles the appraising eye,
And Poetry, that sense and scansion lacks,
And Music, void of harmony and tune,
And Science, haunted by a mushroom cloud,
And Drama, ever looking back in ire—
All these, sweet Chastity, thou nourishest,
With that which else had served our brutish lust . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

TELLYTOTALISM

Let vegetarians delight
To celebrate their secret rite
With beans and vermicelli.
I have my own variety
Of social contrariety;
I have eschewed the Telly.

My ears unstopped, my eyes unglazed,
I'm not, like countless others, dazed
As mournful crooners moan.
My mind is not allowed to rust,
For, having had no Brains on Trust,
I've learned to trust my own.

F. B. JULIAN

City Lights

Home Thoughts from Abroad

Spring is here, the saps are rising, and stock markets are doing very nicely. There was some confusion last week over the difference between 1956 and 1957: a galaxy of blue-chip companies came out together with their preliminary figures, and investors, their hearts in Jordan, thought very little of them. Profits were not up as much as they should have been, or dividends had not risen with profits, or gross profits had risen but not net profits. Every one had something wrong with it. By the weekend, however, investors had realised that these results referred to 1956, and that for 1956 they were pretty good.

Share prices are being helped along by a burst of interest in the gilt-edged market. When Bank Rate came down in February it seemed likely enough that another cut would follow before the summer. The City has decided that it is due at any moment. The scramble for Treasury bills has taken the rate down to a level more than 1⅛ per cent. below Bank Rate and sterling is re-

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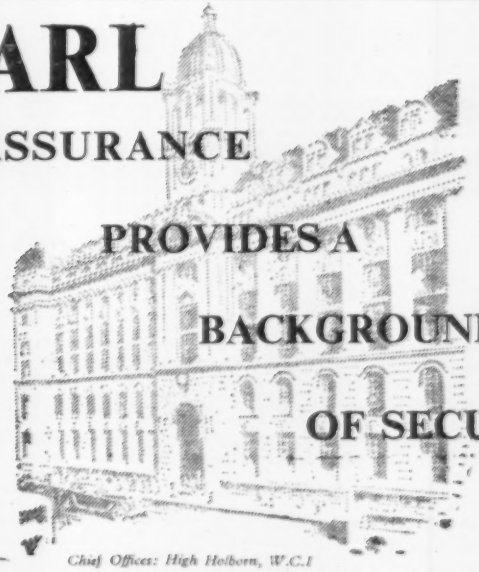

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DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

The Sixtieth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders will be held in Johannesburg on May 6, 1957. The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. N. W. S. Lewin, dated April 29, 1957.

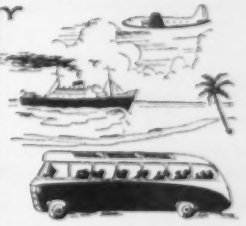
The ore milled at 2,188,000 tons was higher by 18,000 tons and the yield rose slightly by 0.077 dwt. to 3,464 dwt. per ton. There was a small increase in the average amount per ounce received by the Company for sales of gold. Working revenue, which totalled £4,769,428 for the year showed an increase of £151,597. Working costs at £4,112,504 were higher by 8d. per ton milled and the working profit, at £656,924, was £46,920 more than in 1955.

The working profit was augmented by interest received amounting to £24,527, and by £13,961, being the difference between sundry items as detailed in the Income and Expenditure Account. The total profit for the year, before taxation was £695,412. After deducting provision for taxation amounting to £119,595 and adding the unappropriated balance of £652,285 brought forward from the previous year, a total of £1,228,102 was available for appropriation. A transfer to Capital Reserve in respect of expenditure on mining assets and trade investments absorbed £103,765 and two dividends of 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. per share respectively, totalling £319,688, were declared, leaving a balance of £804,649 to be carried forward to the current year.

The available ore reserve re-calculated at the year-end totalled 8,232,000 tons or 94,000 tons less than a year earlier. There was a loss of 61,000 tons owing to an upward adjustment of the pay limits necessitated by increased working costs. At 4.0 dwt. the average value of the available ore reserve was 0.1 dwt. lower than that at the previous year-end while the estimated stoping width of 60.8 inches was slightly higher.

Compared with the figures at the end of 1955, there was an increase of 316,000 tons in the available ore reserve on the Kimberley Reef while on other reefs there was a decrease of 410,000 tons. The latter was due primarily to the loss of development ends on the western boundary.

Holidays Ahead



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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

covering from its Middle East jitters. What is more, the Treasury has to deal with the first of the year's maturing issues before the middle of June, and it is pleasant to borrow on a rising market.

It is not certain yet, however, that a second cut in Bank Rate will—by itself—set off a general recovery in gilt-edged prices. There have been two small straws in the wind this week. The first was the announcement of a new £9½m stock issue for East Africa. The Crown Agents may have been badly advised on the state of the market and may be paying too much for their money, but they offered their new stocks at 100 when a comparable issue by Tanganyika was quoted in the market at 104¼. The second straw was the news that Lloyds Bank was forced to sell £22m. of gilt-edged investments last month to keep its liquidity ratio above the traditional 30 per cent. level. If the government manages to keep money tight, the banks are likely to be hungry for bills rather than bonds over the months ahead. The gap between short-term and medium-term interest rates could easily widen further.

* * *

Dr. Erhard remarked a few days ago that Germany is not yet rich enough to solve the problem of its payments surplus by exporting capital. The Chancellor is all the more to be congratulated on his courage in introducing at this time a tax concession to companies trading abroad which is likely to impose a further strain of unknown size on our own balance of payments. The clauses in the Finance Bill dealing with the concession are complex enough to suggest that they were put together in a hurry—a ragbag of provisions intended to mollify the GATT and ensure that tax avoidance remains too difficult for the amateur. Although it is likely to be some time before the full scope of the concession is appreciated, it will be surprising if it does not eventually cost the Revenue more than its estimate.

Industry will be occupied in the immediate future with internal reshuffles and the registration of new companies. Investors are already realising that a measure designed to encourage companies to retain their profits is likely to appeal to surtax-payers in quest of capital appreciation rather than to small shareholders who look for higher income from their dividends. The provisions governing the liquidation of overseas trading corporations are of particular interest to surtax-payers—and those fortunate enough to own private companies trading abroad which are already sheltered by the Chancellor's umbrella should do very well indeed for themselves.

Only experience can answer several questions raised by the Bill—whether companies will concentrate more of their profit in their export sales organisations, for example, whether they will find a way to channel overseas profits into industry at home, whether merchants will discover how to pay tax to nobody. Will the Treasury now be even more reluctant to allow British companies to emigrate? And what will happen, now that large companies need no longer provide their overseas subsidiaries with an independent local management, to the subscription income of the Institute of Directors?

* * *

One of several indications which provided the Chancellor with an economic argument for moderate tax concessions was the figures for investment in manufacturing industry. They suggested that the investment boom tailed off steadily during 1956, and that, by the fourth quarter, investment was only 6 per cent. higher than it had been a year earlier; the Central Statistical Office's quarterly estimates of national income tell the same story. The Board of Trade now reports that manufacturing investment turned upwards in the fourth quarter. The figure should have been not six but 17 per cent. There was a mistake in the arithmetic.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 390. . . . . Vive Le Roi

The omitted part of the formula, fortunately, has merely metaphorical significance, for Botvinnik is still very much alive, even though unlikely to reconquer his crown in next year's return match. Grandmaster-chess, these days, has come to be a matter of physical stamina, and Smyslov has it in prodigious measure, along with profound knowledge of opening theory (and the courage for frequent innovations), as well as consummate mastery of endgame technique, deep positional judgment, brilliant tactical resourcefulness and, above all, unlimited patience and an unshakable temper. When towering over the chess-board and, in between moves, striding the length of the room in stately measured steps, the man simply exudes confidence and reliability, and one wonders how he can ever lose a game. But then he hardly ever does. There is nothing flashy about him, and he wasn't a prodigy like Capablanca and Reshevsky. At 7 and 8 he was merely a beginner, at 10 and 11 he was making methodical progress, at 13 and 14 he was approaching master strength, at 17 he won the 1938 championship of Moscow, and ever since, playing in a great many tournaments, he was almost invariably among the first two or three. None of the great masters (except Lasker) could equal Smyslov's feat of keeping his record almost completely free from setbacks and failure. Since the title-match wasn't particularly thrilling and what with the games available in many papers and magazines, here's a victory of Smyslov's (aged 14) in the Moscow boys' championship of 1935, his first game (very deservedly) to get into print.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-K3, P-K3; (4) B-Q3, P-B4; (5) P-QKt3, Kt-B3; (6) B-Kt2, B-Q3; (7) O-O, Q-B2; (8) P-QR3, P-QKt3; (9) P-B4, B-Kt2; (10) Kt-B3, P-QR3; (11) R-Kt1, BPxP; (12) KPxP, O-O; (13) Kt-QR4, B-B5; (14) Kt-K5, PxP; (15) PxP, KtxKt; (16) PxKt, Q-B3!; (17) B-KB1 (Q-B3!), KR-Q1; (18) Q-Kt3, Kt-Kt5; (19) P-R3, R-Q6!!; (20) QxP, RxKRP!; (21) B-Q4, B-R7 ch; (22) resigns.

This game of the Moscow 1938 championship against Smyslov's victim, Lilienthal, then a grandmaster in his zenith.

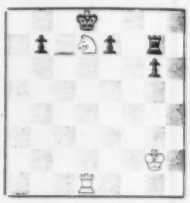
(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-K5, Kt-Kt1; (5) Q-Kt4, P-KR4; (6) Q-B4, P-QB4; (7) PxP, BxP; (8) Kt-B3, Kt-QB3; (9) B-Q3, Kt-Kt5; (10) O-O, KtxB; (11) PxKt, B-Q2; (12) B-K3, B-K2; (13) Q-Kt3, P-KKt3; (14) B-Kt5, Kt-R3; (15) BxB, QxB; (16) QR-B1!, Kt-B4; (17) Q-B4, K-B1; (18) Kt-K2, K-Kt2; (19) R-B7, KR-QB1; (20) RxP, QR-Kt1; (21) RxR, RxR; (22) P-QKt3, R-QB1; (23) Kt-Q4, Q-R6; (24) KtxKt ch, KPxKt; (25) Q-Kt5, B-K3; (26) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt1; (27) Kt-Kt5, R-K1; (28) KtxB!, RxKt; (29) Q-Q8 ch, K-Kt2; (30) QxP, QxRP; (31) P-R3, Q-Kt7; (32) P-Q4, R-Kt3; (33) Q-Q7 and young Smyslov, after another 20 moves, broke Black's stubborn defence.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win in 4 moves. How? **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is one of the former champion's few but highly instructive endgame studies. White to draw. **C** (for 7 points) is a win for White. Quite a beauty too, and moreover Smyslov once told me that Kubbel is his favourite composer. Which proves that our new champion, apart from some prowess at the game, has a connoisseur's taste for vintage studies. Usual prizes. Entries by May 13.

A: V. Smyslov 1946

B: M. Botvinnik 1952

C: Leonid Kubbel 1939



REPORT on No. 387. Set April 13

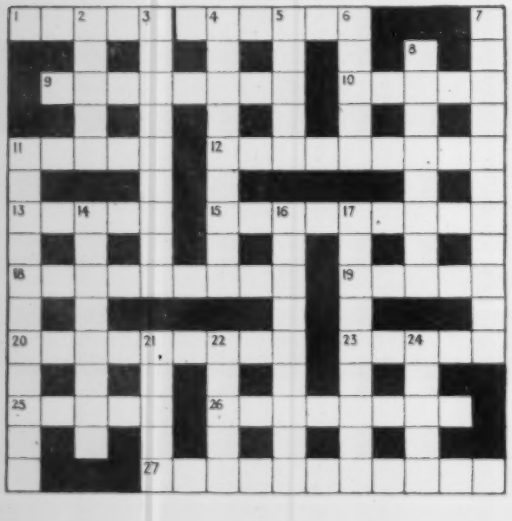
A: (1) Kt-Kt6, RxR; (2) Kt-B8 ch, followed by KtxR ch. B: **Key:** Kt-B6. If . . . PxKt; (2) B-B5 etc. If . . . P-B7; (2) Kt-Kt4, PxB; (3) Kt-Q3. If (2) . . . P-Kt8; (3) Kt-B2.
C: (1) P-R6, P-B5; (2) P-R7, P-B6; (3) B-R1!!, B-R5 ch!; (4) K-B7!!, B-B3!; (5) BxB, P-B7; (6) P—Q, P—Q8; (7) Q-R2 ch, K-Kt6; (8) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B5; (9) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt4; (10) Q-Kt3 ch, K-B4; (11) Q-Kt6 ch and either mates or wins the Q.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, A. J. Bamford, J. P. Ford, I. W. R. Hale (Leslie's son), B. Katz (of Haifa, Israel), J. H. Phillips.

ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword No. 219

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword No. 219, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 14.



ACROSS

1. Spatiotemporal place in New York? (5, 6).
9. Shopkeeper in the French sea song (8).
10. "All are men, Condemned alike to ——" (Gray) (5).
11. Ditch the elite troops surrounded by the enemy (5).
12. Blindness in worshipping the sovereign or ancestral spirits (9).
13. Dance or drink with a bachelor (5).
15. Exaggerate what is public about suffering (9).
18. Here you will find the dolly who is upset about nothing (9).
19. "Fair Greece! sad —— of departed worth!" (Byron) (5).
20. Country in which I am mixed up with a car and a gun (9).
23. Dress and custom (5).
25. Mrs. Winkle's maiden name (5).
26. Decking starts with trouble with the Navy (8).
27. A famous cricketer is about to communicate with a royal residence (11).

DOWN

2. Gets to know a different set after half-time (5).
3. Minister hidden on a railway (9).
4. Played by Laughton and Quinn (9).
5. A historian shows part of the performance in progress (5).
6. Keen cricket captain (5).
7. Join one and sever a state (11).
8. Thackeray was its first editor (8).
11. For the crinoline beer is a remote subject apparently (11).
14. Small particle, or small animal followed by a variant of the clue (8).
16. Trial boat (9).
17. God embraces a hidden throne in this temple (9).
21. Storms for river insects (5).
22. Crop increases on either side of the river (5).
24. "Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy —— protect" (Crabbe) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 247

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 247

Miss J. McIntosh (London, S.W. 14), L. Allen (Derby), Ian Mikardo (Moscow).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites application for posts as Monitors at Caversham, near Reading. Duties entail listening to and reporting on news and other broadcasts in English from abroad. Wide knowledge of world affairs, perfect hearing and ability to type essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Shift work (normally 5 days on and 2 off) with night duty at least every two months. No vacancies now, but selected candidates will be placed on Reserve List for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £750. Prospect of promotion to scale £675 to £885. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G 165, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

MINISTRY of Education. Assistant Keeper (Second Class), Victoria & Albert Museum, Department of Ceramics. The Civil Service Commission invite applications for one pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on August 1, 1957, with extension for Forces service, established civil service and for exceptionally well-qualified candidates. Candidates should normally have (or obtain in summer of 1957) an Honours degree (preferably First or Second Class) in an Arts subject or a degree indicating post-graduate study or research. Exceptionally a candidate otherwise qualified by specialised and expert knowledge of particular value to the Museum may be considered. A knowledge of at least one modern foreign language is desirable. Salary scale (men) £605-£855. Increased starting salary for approved post-graduate experience and compulsory Forces service. Women's scale above £605 somewhat lower but being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper, First Class (Men: £1,120-£1,760) by age 30 and to Keeper. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4699/57/7. Completed application forms should be returned by May 20, 1957.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales & Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in Economics and Social Science, from graduates in the field of Social Science with specialisation in Sociology and/or Statistics. The present salary of the post is £550 per annum, which will be subject to review by August 1, 1957. The Research Assistant will be required to assist in general economic and social research in the Department of Economics and Social Science, particularly in work now being undertaken in connection with changes in the social and industrial structure of Wales. There may also be opportunities for teaching. The appointment will date from October 1, 1957, and is for one year in the first instance, with a possibility of renewal for a further two years. Six copies of application, together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than May 27, 1957, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. E. R. Evans, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Social Science, from September 1 or October 1, 1957. The salary scale for Assistant Lecturers will be £700×£50 to £850, the salary scale for Lecturers will be £900×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum, and the starting salary will be determined by the candidate's qualifications and experience. Candidates should be Honours graduates with experience in University teaching, or research or in Social work. Training and experience in advanced case work would be an advantage. Six copies of applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than May 27, 1957, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. E. R. Evans, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, W.C.1. The School has a vacancy for an Assistant Lecturer in Russian language and literature from October 1, 1957. Salary scale, subject to revision, £600×£50—£700, with superannuation and family allowance. Applications should reach the Secretary of the School at the above address by May 24.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser in Health Division 5 which comprises the boroughs of Bethnal Green, City of London, Poplar and Stepney. Salary scale £564 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) rising to £705. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E.1. Closing date May 13.

WANTED, History Graduate for three months. Background research English Social religious study. Box 2145.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Television Designer in Birmingham. Duties include responsibility for design and construction of sets and for supply of captions, properties, etc., for Midland Region productions, studio and outside broadcasts; supervision and organisation of work of design and scene staff; responsibility for ordering and accounting for use of raw materials. Qualifications required: high standard of creative ability, experience of design work in television, films, or theatre; quick and accurate drafting, knowledge of scenery construction and handling of contracts; ability to design for all types of programmes and to estimate accurately. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.144, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Mayfield School, 92, West Hill, Putney, S.W.15. Headmistress, Miss M. Miles, B.A. (1,800 girls 11-18). Secondary school offers wide variety of courses, including G.C.E. (O., A. & S. levels), Commerce, Basic Catering and Needlecraft. Deputy Headmistress required September, owing to promotion of present holder. Varied experience, organising ability and imaginative approach to problems of secondary education needed. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £500 a year. Forms EO/TS.10 (S.R.) from Divisional Officer, St. John's Hill, S.W.11 (s.a.e. f'scap) returnable to Headmistress at school as soon as possible. (779.)

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women who have a genuine interest in the treatment of offenders and an aptitude for resolving behaviour problems and who are under 44 years of age to have their names enrolled on the Central Register with a view to adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland. The Council will have regard to the personality, educational qualifications and experience of applicants who should write to the Secretary, Scottish Central Probation Council (N.S.N.), 23, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, 3, for applic. form.

LECTURER required, man or woman, preferably qualified teacher, for speaking in schools on the humane treatment of animals. Salary would be from £475 to £600 per annum, according to experience and qualifications, rising to a maximum of £800 by annual increments of £25. Candidates should be under 45 years of age and be prepared to travel about the country. A car would be provided and expenses paid when away from home. Apply by letter only to R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St., London, S.W.1, top left-hand corner of envelope to be clearly marked "Lecturer."

LATIN, History, Geography, Biology to G.C.E. Teacher of 2 (or more) of these subjects wanted September. Recognised London Co-ed. School (Full Burnham, Superannuation). Scope for initiative. Box 2268.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Tutor in Social Science for one year from September 1, 1957. The Salary will be determined by the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by Saturday, May 18, 1957.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the following posts connected with interesting, unusual work in a home for psychotic and maladjusted children within easy reach of Central London: Relief Night House Mother with some day duties. Responsible post, but not hard work. House Mother. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children and possess commonsense, energy and enthusiasm. Duties will include relief for Matron. Junior Assistant House Mother. No previous experience necessary, but candidates must be interested in child welfare. Applics. to Sec., Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

LIVERPOOL Council of Social Service (Inc.) requires an Assistant Secretary (age 30-45) who will be the Head of the Council's department concerned with group and neighbourhood work. The main executive function of this officer is the secretaryship of the Liverpool Youth Organisations Committee and some of its sub-committees. A university degree and suitable administrative experience are the basic qualifications. Starting salary will be £750-£900 according to age, qualifications and experience, plus superannuation, expenses and car allowance. Applications should be made within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement, giving the names and addresses of three referees, and should be addressed to the Secretary, Liverpool Council of Social Service (Inc.), 14 Castle Street, Liverpool, 2, from whom further details of the post may be obtained.

INTERNATIONAL Club, Manchester. Warden (non-residential) required shortly due to retirement. Keen interest in international friendship essential; good personality; exp. with overseas people. Write, within one week, to Hon. Sec., 64 George St., Manchester 1, quoting exp., refs and salary expected. Value of post is its interest, not salary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Ayrshire Joint Probation Committee invite applications from women between 23 and 40 years of age for post as full-time Female Probation Officer for County of Ayr Probation area. Applicants should preferably be serving as whole-time Probation Officers, but applications will also be considered from other women with suitable training and practical experience of social work. Commencing salary between £456 (at age 23) and £576 (at age 30 or over) on scale rising to £795 per annum—with placing for previous experience in Probation Service. Post superannuable. Medical examination. Applications, giving age and particulars of qualifications, training and experience, accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials, should be lodged with the County Clerk, County Buildings, Ayr, within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. Canvassing disqualifies.

ORGANISER for Citizens' Advice Bureau in East London immediately. Experience essential, Social Science Diploma an advantage. Salary £375 p.a. plus lunches. Apply in writing with two references to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4 Cumberland Road, E.13.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for problem families, developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers in London and several provincial cities. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident scale £425/£25/£650; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Sec., F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

FAMILY Welfare Association. General Secretary requires personal secretary, age 25-35, well educated, knowledge of social services desirable. Commencing salary between £400 and £525, according to qualifications and exp. Applications to General Secretary, Family Welfare Assn., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

HOUSEMOTHER required to take charge of a cottage for 11 girls and boys in a group of four at Coopersale, near Epping, Essex. Salary scale £379-£440 a year, with an extra £15 a year if in possession of Home Office Certificate less £115 for emoluments. Previous experience or training essential. Both remuneration and conditions governed by National Scheme. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SECRETARY Warden required for Residential Club and Holiday House in London. Experience with young people, domestic staff and household management essential. Starting salary £350, with full residential emoluments and superannuation. Application form and particulars from Employment Officer, National Association of Girls' Clubs & Mixed Clubs, 30 Devonshire Street, W.1.

FIRST Feathers Club, N. Kensington. Youth leader experienced required August or September for mixed youth club with junior section. Married couple, both qualified, would be considered. For further details apply, stating experience and qualifications, to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

THIRD Feathers Club, Chelsea. Boys' club leader, part-time, required three or four evenings each week to help in mixed club and be entirely responsible for boys' activities. For further details apply, stating experience and qualifications, to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (full-time) reqd. for Child Guidance work initially at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Certificate of L.S.E. or approved equivalent reqd. P.T.A. Salary. Prescribed conditions. Write, stating names of two referees, to Area Medical Officer, Area No. 10, Elmfield House, High Street, Teddington, by May 17 (quote V.43 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker required to fill a vacancy in a team of four dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates with recognised Mental Health Certificate. Particulars and application form (returnable by May 20) from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D/761), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

MANCHESTER Jewish Refugees Committee needs immediately qualified/experienced case worker for welfare work with families from Egypt and Hungary. Tact and initiative required. Spoken French desirable. Apply Miss Margaret Langdon, Hindle, Park Road, Hale, Cheshire.

QUALIFIED Welfare Officer required for mobile duties. Based on London. Salary according to experience. Apply stating qualifications to C. of E. Children's Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.11.

ENERGETIC Sec.-shorthand typist reqd. for interesting, varied but exacting educational & research work in completely new W. London premises. Sal. £450-£550. Write, giving age, quals. & exp., Box 2242.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (2D), Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

RUSSIAN, knowledge of, required for vacancy in Foreign Books Department. Typing desirable. T.U. salary and conditions, superannuation scheme, holiday arrangements respected. Apply Collet's Holdings, 44-45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENT London mid-May to September (possible continuance) for administrator/caseworker with Hungarian students. Requirements: office and interviewing experience and some knowledge of British higher education system. Foreign langs. & typing asset. Salary commencing £10 p.w. Apply immed. with fullest details Box 2208.

TEACHERS required for our Union's Religion Schools, Sunday mornings from 10 to 12.30. Apply: Organising Secretary, Union of Liberal & Progressive Synagogues, 28 St. John's Wood Road, London, N.W.8.

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SECRETARY reqd. by Editorial Department of Technical Publishers, W.1 district. Shorthand-typing, adaptability and keenness essential. Congenial atmosphere. Write, stating salary and exper., Box 2204.

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THE British Drama League invites applications for the post of Administrator. The successful candidate will be a man with good business experience, organising ability and an interest in the theatre. Details of the appointment can be obtained from the National Secretary. Applications, with full particulars of past experience, should reach the Chairman at 9, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, by May 16.

SHORTHAND/Typists (2) required for non-political national organisation in close contact with students. 3 mins. walk from Euston Station. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. and alternate Saturdays, 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Ring EUSton 2184.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED on page 590

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY requires part-time research work for Author/Journalist. Box 2172.

SURTAX Payer, industrial manager, university man, would accept lower salary for more congenial post. Interests: industrial organisation, European Common Market, gardening, adult education. Box 2076.

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ACCOMMODATION WANTED

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ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"LABOUR Monthly" for May: "Eye-Witness in Kerala" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.—sole European present at swearing-in of newly-elected Communist Government); "Class Strategy" (R. Page Arnot); "Israel" (S. Mikunis); "The Fight for Disarmament" (Quaestor); Labour Councillors in Labour Discussion Forum. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

LIBRARIES bought. Van collects. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

NUCLEAR War Plans; Cost of Social Services; National Income. "Labour Research" 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

FIGURE Photography. In Camera by John Everard. 30s. plus 1s. 6d. postage. Cash with order to The Albion Bookshop, Broadstairs, Kent.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

THE Suffragettes—"The Militant Campaign in Perspective." An outline history (1905-1914); anti-Government policy explained. By Mary Phillips. Foreword: Lord Pethick-Lawrence. 20 pp. 1s. 6d., post free. E. O. Beck, Ltd., 43 Villiers Street, W.C.2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

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PERSONAL

GERMAN girl, 18, keenly interested in music, wishes to spend two months (July-August) with family in or near London on exchange basis or reasonable payment. Hilda von Klenze, EUSton 5501.

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PUBLISHER requires idle young man or woman with small car to assist photographic team in producing very interesting book in London. Duties: carry around equipment and artistes. Salary nothing, but lots of fun, expenses paid. One month. Box 2266.

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YOUNG working German reqs. board with London family to perfect English. Exchange if desired. ACOrn 0132 before 6 p.m.

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2 CARAVANS to let singly or tog., except July 27-Aug. 17. Fully equip. In unspoilt Somerset. Manning, 1 East St., Taunton.

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2 OXFORD 3rd yr. undergraduates (f.) wish last glimpse of Continent before taking up mundane careers. Any temporary jobs July 20-Sept. 14. Box 2027.

2 (or 1) to share Riviera camping holiday last 2 weeks June with couple & child. Alternatively share travel only (taking car on train overnight to Lyons). Box 2302.

YNG. man, ex-pub. sch. & army, sks. interesting and/or lucrative job before taking up Oxford schol. October. Do anything. London pref. Box 2232.

YNG. local govt. offr. desires change to Labour organisation where knowl. Rent & Housing Acts would be useful. Box 2139.

YNG. man driving Humber 4×4 overland to Rhodesia via Turkey seeks co-driver. Share cost. Should be expd. with vehicles and prepared for hardship. Box 2241.

HOLIDAY accommodation 2 P.G.s Sussex Downs, charming new bungalow overlooking Chanctonbury Ring. Sunshine, secusion. Walking centre. Sea 8 miles. Box 2180.

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PERSONAL—continued

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MOTOR yacht sailing mid-June for 2 weeks' cruise N. France needs 1 girl to complete mixed Jewish party of 6. Box 2257.

ITALY. To let July large mod. villa Tuscany coast. 1 din.-rm., 1 sit., 10 beds., 2 bath. Garage. Box 2255 or tel. WIL. 0591.

YOUNG man, 27, seeks companions for car tour of Scotland, Aug. 2 for ten days. Box 2031.

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